Columbia University
in the City of New York

THE LIBRARIES

# TRADITIONS

# OF EDINBURGH.

BY

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR W. & C. TAIT, PRINCES STREET.

MDCCCXXV.

941.2 Ed 4
C355
v.2

EDINBURGH:

Printed by William Chambers.

TO

Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF

THE

TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH

IS

RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY

INSCRIBED.

# CHARACTERS, &c.

the favoured friends, who knew and experienced the real kindness of disposition, concealed beneath this unprepossessing exterior, regarded them, on the contrary, with feelings of the most ardent affection and respect. They resembled the Eastern fruit, which, on first touching the lips, is sour and disagreeable, but, on being pressed, emits a juice of rich and luscious sweetness.

The last Lady Lovat was of this ambiguous description of old women. Apparently ill-tempered and austere, she was in reality one of the most amiable of her sex—the best of friends, the kindest of parents, the most *giving* of grandmothers! She was constantly delighting her relations with presents, and no child, who happened to be in her house, was permitted to depart without a plenteous lunch of white bread, thickly dotted over with blackberry-jam. The pleasure of her gifts was, however, very frequently neutralised,

in her single person, and scarcely deigned to notice his little figure otherwise than by a very slight bend of the head. The contrast between the young eulogist of liberty, shrinking into the corner of the sofa, and the haughty old aristocratic Countess, stalking along the room, must have been exceedingly striking.

by the ungracious rebukes and advices, with which she usually accompanied them.

In our first volume, we have already given her ladyship's character as it appeared to strangers. We will now attempt to delineate it according to the more favourable aspect which it assumed in the eyes of her relations. But, first, let us give the reader an idea of her *last-century* person and dress.

She was of small stature, had been thought a beauty, and retained, in advanced old age, much of her youthful delicacy of features and complexion. Her countenance bore a remarkably sweet and pleasing expression; she was always smiling, or, as a fanciful friend once remarked, in describing her, she seemed to be constantly pronouncing the word—*pears!* Her head was fine, somewhat low above, and projecting far behind. When at home, her dress was a red silk gown, with ruffled cuffs, and sleeves puckered like a man's shirt,—a *fly*-cap, encircling the head, with a *mob*-cap laid across it, falling down over the cheeks, and tied under the chin,—her hair dressed and powdered,—a double muslin handkerchief, round

the neck and bosom,—*lammer-beads*,—a white lawn apron, edged with lace,—black stockings with red *gushets*,—high-heeled shoes.* She usually went abroad in a chair,—as we have been informed by the daughter of a lady who was one of the first inhabitants of the New Town, and whom Lady Lovat regularly visited there, once every three months. As her chair devolved from the head of Blackfriars' Wynd, any one who saw her sitting in it, so neat, and fresh, and clean, would have taken her for a queen in wax-work, pasted up in a glass case.

Her ladyship was the fifth daughter of the Honourable John Campbell of Mamore, who was second son of Archibald ninth Earl of Argyll, and brother of the first Duke. She was born, as she herself used to tell her friends, in *the year ten*,† that is, 1710; consequently at the period

* An old domestic of her ladyship's still preserves one of her shoes as a relic. The heel is three inches deep.

† A common phraseology in Scotland, and not so vicious as the still more common one, in which the word *year* is omitted and the date spoken of as *the* 1710—*the* 1745—&c. The late Mr Alexander Campbell, author of the "Introduction to the History of Scotish Poetry," informed me, that, on

of her death, in 1796, she was eighty-six years of age. Like many other Scotish ladies of quality in her time, she received a very imperfect education, and, what will appear very strange to the accomplished ladies of the present age, actually could not write, till advanced in life, when she acquired the art at her own hands, without the assistance of a master. In her youth she had been frequently in London with her noble relations, and yet had received no instruction in this common and familiar branch of education. She afterwards attained to have a neat hand, but could never spell properly.

She was residing at Barnbougle Castle, with her sister Lady Roseberry, when Lord Lovat first paid his addresses to her. Knowing his bad character, (his lordship, in his first connection, had not been particularly *uxorious*,) and dislik-

Mrs Siddons' first performing in Edinburgh, in 1784, he went one night to old Miss Pitcairn, daughter of the celebrated physician, (who died in 1714), and requested her to go with him to the play. She refused to accompany him, and said, "Laddie, wad ye hae an auld lass like me to be rinnin' after plays at my time o' life—me that hasna been at a theatre since I gaed, wi' papa, to the Tailor's Hall in the Cowgate, i' *the year ten*!

ing his person, she rejected him with abhorrence. But, his suit being, it is supposed, favoured by the young lady's relations, he did not give up his point; and, it is said, he finally laid a scheme for the accomplishment of his desires, which, if our tale be true in all its circumstances, adds another crime to the dark list already arrayed against him. He addressed a letter to Miss Campbell, as from her mother, informing her that she was just come to town and was then lying dangerously ill in a lodging in the Lawnmarket, which was particularly described; and the letter concluded with an earnest request, that Primrose would immediately come to see and attend her. Lady Roseberry ordered the carriage to be instantly got ready, and urged her sister to hasten to her mother. On arriving in the Lawnmarket at the house described, which was *down a close*, a servant made his appearance, received the young lady's luggage, and showed the way up stairs; meanwhile, the carriage was dismissed. On entering the house, what was Miss Campbell's surprise, when, instead of her mother, she was introduced to the presence of the detes-

ted Lovat, who immediately proceeded to entreat her love! She declared, with tears and protestations, her aversion to his hand; but he only persisted the more earnestly, and, to increase her distress, told her that she was now in a house of bad fame, from which, after it should be known in whose company she had been, it would be impossible again to go forth into decent society. She, however, continued to resist his solicitations, till a hopeless confinement of several days reduced her to despair, when she at last consented to the match.*

After the nuptials, Lord Lovat took her to the north, and proceeded to treat her with all the cruelty which he had exercised towards his former spouse. She was locked up in a room by herself, from which she was not permitted to come forth even at meal-times. He would not permit her to sit at table with himself, but sent her a scanty supply of coarse food, which she was obliged to devour in solitary confinement.

* Other storers of family secrets affirm, that this match was entirely political on both sides.

When pregnant of her son Archibald, his lordship sometimes came into the room, and told her sternly, that, if she should give birth to a female child, he would "put it on the back of the fire!"

Lord Lovat's son* by his first wife, who was not much older than Archibald, was a very sickly child; and, when his lordship went to the lowlands, he usually told his unhappy spouse, that, if he found either of the boys dead when he returned, he would shoot her through the head. The result was, that she made their health her only care and study, and, by dint of good nursing, recovered her pining step-son, who ever after acknowledged her kindness as the means of saving his life, and looked up to her with all the filial reverence due to a real parent. Lady Lovat at that period acquired habits which

* General Fraser, when in Edinburgh, had lodgings in Milne's Square. An aged legal practitioner informs us, that, when a youth, he one day called upon General Fraser, in his lodgings, upon business, but, though the day was well advanced, was surprised to find him not yet stirring. He had the curiosity to ask the servant, how the General came to lie so long a-bed, and was informed, that it was his practice, to lie several hours awake in the morning, planning out the business of the day!

she never afterwards lost, and, to the end of her long life, was noted, among her friends and dependants, for her skill as an "old lady of the faculty."

The means by which she escaped from the cruel jurisdiction of her husband, were, we believe, singular. Getting possession of writing materials, she addressed a letter to her friends, informing them of her dreadful situation,—rolled it up in a clew of yarn,—and dropped it over the window to a confidential person, who conveyed it to its destination. Upon the interference of her own family, a separation soon after took place.

Lord Lovat seems to have sunk into a sort of despondency, after she left him; for we have heard, that he lay two years in bed, previous to the Rebellion. When the news of the Prince's landing was communicated to him, he started up, and cried, "Lassie, bring me my brogues—I'll rise noo!"

Lord Lovat was one of the most extraordinary men that ever appeared in public life. He was crafty and politic to an astonishing degree; cruel, rapacious; had great natural abilities,

much wit, and prodigious talents for business; but an utter destitution of principle spoiled in him the parts which might have composed a distinguished statesman. Any new anecdotes of so wonderful a man, must interest the public; and we willingly give place to the two following, which have been contributed by a gentleman who took them from the mouths of the persons concerned—the late Mr Alexander Baillie of Dochfour and the Honourable Archibald Fraser of Lovat.

Previous to 1745, when Mr Baillie was a student at the school of Inverness, cockfights were very common among the boys. This detestable sport was, in many parts of Scotland, encouraged by the school-masters, who derived a profit from the beaten cocks, or, as they were called, *fugies*, which became, at the end of every game, their appropriated perquisite. In pursuit of cocks, Mr Baillie went to visit his friends in the Aird, and, in the course of his researches, was introduced to Lord Lovat, whose policy it was, on all occasions, to show great attentions to his neighbours and their children. The situa-

tion in which his lordship was found by the school-boy, must amuse our readers. He was stretched out in bed, between two buxom Highland lasses, who, being naked, affected, out of modesty, to hide their faces under the bedclothes; and the old lord accounted for this strange scene, by saying, that his blood had become cold, and he was obliged to supply the want of heat by the application of animal warmth.

The Honourable Mr Frazer was at the school of Pitty, in 1745, and was sometimes invited to dine with President Forbes. It will appear, from the following *trait*, that this celebrated man, with more virtue than Lovat, was almost his equal in political genius. One day, at dinner, the President pulled out some foreign gold pieces, and said, "Pray, my young friend, have you ever seen such before?" By this, he, no doubt, meant to discover if Lord Lovat received any remittances of money from the court of St Germains.

Lord Lovat used to send one of his numerous retainers to Loch Ness, a distance of eight miles, every day, for the water he drank.

When Lord Lovat was confined in the Tower, previous to his trial, his lady, forgetting all her injuries and thinking only of her duty as a wife, proposed to come to London and attend him in person. But he returned an answer, in which, though he professed gratitude and affection, he positively rejected her offer, which, he said, he could not take advantage of, after what had happened. This, her ladyship afterwards said, was the only occasion of his ever addressing her in language appropriate to the conjugal relation which she bore to him.

After his death, there arose some demur about her jointure, which was only £190 *per annum*. It was not paid to her for several years, during which, being destitute of other resources, she lived with one of her sisters. Some of her numerous friends—among the rest, Lord Strichen—offered her the loan of money, to purchase a house, and suffice for present maintenance. But she did not chuse to encumber herself with debts which she had no certain prospect of repaying. At length the dispute about her jointure was settled in a favourable manner, and her ladyship

received in a lump the whole amount of past dues, out of which she expended £500 in purchasing a house at the head of Blackfriars' Wynd, and a further sum upon a suit of plain substantial furniture for the same.

Her ladyship was charitable in the highest degree; and it would astonish a modern dowager, to know how much good she contrived to do with her small jointure. With £190, it is said, she was much more generally admired for her benevolence, than the succeeding lady of Lovat, who had a jointure of £4000. Had not the necessaries of life been much cheaper in those days than in ours, it is impossible to imagine the means by which she contrived to be so universally liberal. She kept a waiting-maid, a cook, and a foot-boy; and gave protection to all the destitute ladies of rank, who pleased to come about her. Scarcely a day passed without its guest; and she, in a manner, kept open house for all sizes, sexes, and descriptions of Highland cousins, even unto the tenth generation, who happened to visit Edinburgh. All were sure of a good homely dinner at Lady Lovat's; and not only was her tea-

table accessible to every stupid old crone about town, but, whenever her ladyship heard of any respectable gentlewomen, who had the misfortune to be left unprovided for by their relations, she would seek them out, offer her house as their future home, and treat them quite as her equals or friends. The Honourable Mrs Elphinstone, or *the Mistress*, as she was called, lived with Lady Lovat, on this footing, for many years. She was the daughter of Sir Gilbert Fleming of Farm, one of the oldest and most respectable Scotish Baronets, and was left without provision by her husband, the Master of Elphinstone.* Lady Lovat took this unfortunate person home, assigned her certain apartments in her house, and, till the day of her death, treated her with the kindness and respect due to her birth and misfortunes.† Her ladyship also, at one time,

* He was deformed in person, with a bad temper, and had a considerable talent for painting.

† The insane boy who poisoned the Mistress, was remarkable for his precocious abilities. When only ten years of age, he used to preach from the top of a table or kitchen-dresser, and he spoke, as we were informed by an old woman who has been present at his exhibitions, *like a prent buik.*

gave protection to her niece Lady Dorothy Primrose,* to whom she assigned one half of her house, namely that part which fronted to the High Street, while she contented herself with the apartments behind, of which the windows looked into Blackfriars' Wynd. It will be observed from this, that her ladyship's house extended throughout the *double land* recently burnt down, and comprised, in reality, two houses, of which the entrances went off from opposite sides of the *scale-stair*, common to both. It will also appear, that the Old-town mansions of the nobility were not so inconvenient and confined,

So excellent was his memory, that he could repeat, at an early age, almost every popular poem of moderate length in the English language.—Upon Mrs Elphinstone growing ill he exclaimed, "Oh, my dear Mrs Elphinstone, it wasna you I wanted to pushion, but that auld d——d b——h, my grandmother!"—When Mr Wood reproached him for what he had done, he said fiercely, "Take care of yourself, or I shall serve you worse!" After he was sent abroad, it is said he succeeded in life and rose to some command in the East Indies.—The tragical incident took place in August 1784.

* This lady was not an eleemosynary dependant; but had a handsome fortune, being the only daughter of the Earl of Roseberry, and was afterwards married to Sir Adam Inglis of Crammond. She was a clever, agreeable, and amiable woman.

as they now appear, in the possession of more numerous and less consequential tenants; for Lady Lovat had in her house the distinction of a summer and winter residence,—occupying the gay and cool *anterior apartments* during the summer months, and the gloomy but comfortable *back part* towards the *wynd*, in winter. Lady Dorothy being young, gay, and fond of fashionable parties, Lady Lovat considered the *fore house* as best suited for her accommodation. The reader may guess the superiority of the *front* tenement over the *back* one, when we mention, that Mrs Dorothy's door had a knocker, while Lady Lovat's had only a risp!

In many other cases, did Lady Lovat show a readiness to give up her own gratifications for the sake of her friends. She was not, and had never been, a card-player; but, Mrs Elphinstone being a devoted one, her ladyship was good enough to give a card-party once or twice a week, for the amusement of her humble companion.

Lady Lovat used to spend a good deal of money in patronizing the spinning-wheel. She employed a considerable number of women, in preparing

the webs of homespun linen, which she was always now and then presenting to her friends. The management of these eternal webs was her ladyship's principal occupation; and, like the other good housewives of the last century, she made it a point to have as much good linen laid by to rot, as would have purchased the whole furniture of any modern house.

Lady Lovat's character was strongly marked by enthusiastic piety, and a reliance upon the doctrine of predestination, amounting almost to fatalism. Under the severe and manifold afflictions which it had been her lot to experience, she did not seem to feel much annoyed; and it is said that this did not arise, as many supposed, from stoical indifference or physical want of sensibility, but from a notion she entertained of all her calamities being sent by heaven, as *trials* or tests, in which light she considered that they ought to be received with patience and resignation. When a tenement nearly opposite to hers, in Blackfriars' Wynd, took fire, in 1791, and threatened destruction to all around, her ladyship did not think it

incumbent upon her to make any attempt to save either herself or her dwelling, but sat at a window, in her usual quiet manner, knitting a stocking, and watching the progress of the flames. The Magistrates and Ministers came in person, with a sedan, and beseeched her to remove; but she said, that, if her hour was come, it would be vain to think of eluding her fate, and if it was *not* come, she was quite safe where she was. All that they were permitted to do for her, was to get wet blankets hung over her windows, by which means the house was protected from the sparks.

She attended the Tron Kirk, in which she had a seat for many years. She always went to the preachings through the week, and, if ever, by any chance, she was kept from church, she was sure to put a penny, instead of her customary half-penny, into *the brod*, next time she went. Her ladyship never once varied from this practice for fifty years!

She had a very strong sense of honour in all her dealings; and, what is singular, would not cheat even a tax-gatherer! When this detested

person called, to take account of her windows, she made a point of showing him into a dark closet at the back of her house, in which there was an aperture opening upon a *score-hole** behind, and scarcely giving any light. This the censor of window-lights said he would excuse to her ladyship, on the plea that it was of no use to her as a window. But she insisted upon it being included; though it was not without considerable demur, that he could be prevailed upon to take account of it.—Moreover, whenever her chimney caught fire, she *took the first word of flyting* with the sweeps and Town Guard, by sending her fine before they had time to come and demand it!

She was very intimate with Lady Jane Douglas; and one of the strongest evidences in favour of the present Lord Douglas being the son of that lady, was the following very remarkable circumstance: Lady Lovat, passing by a house in the High Street, saw a child at a window, and remarked to a friend who was with her,

* Narrow space between the walls of two adjoining houses which do not happen to have what is called a *mutual* gable.

" If I thought Lady Jane Douglas could be in Edinburgh, I would say that was her child—he is so like her!" Upon returning home, she found a note from Lady Jane, informing her, that she had just arrived in Edinburgh, and had taken lodgings in ——— *Land*, which turned out to be the house in which Lady Lovat had observed the child, and that child was young Archibald Douglas. Lady Lovat was a person of such strict integrity, that no consideration would have tempted her to say what she did not think; and at the time she saw the child, she had not an idea of Lady Jane being in Scotland.

Such was the generosity of her disposition, that, when her grandson Simon was studying law, she at various times presented him with £50, and, when he was to pass as an advocate, she sent him £100. It was wonderful how she could spare such sums from her small jointure. Whole tribes of grand-nephews and grand-nieces experienced the goodness of her heart, and loved her with almost filial affection. She frequently spoke to them of her misfortunes, and was accustomed to say, " I daursay, bairns, the events of my life

wad make a good novell; but they have been of sae strange a nature, that I'm sure naebody wad believe them." She meant, we suppose, that the incidents would not have the *vraisemblance* necessary in a fictitious work.

Her ladyship contemplated the approach of death with great fortitude, and, according to the custom of many Scotish ladies of her time, made preparations for her own funeral. Not only were her grave-clothes ready, but she had been long in the habit of having the stair of her house annually white-washed and painted, in order that it might make a decent appearance to the company who should assemble at her obsequies. When on her death-bed, her son asked if she wished to be buried in the family-vault at Beaufort Castle. She answered, "Deed, Archy, ye needna put yeresell to ony fash about me, for I dinna care though ye should lay me aneath that hearth-stane!"

Her ladyship's house in Blackfriars' Wynd* was occasionally honoured by the visits of the

* In the Edinburgh Gazette, April 19, 1703, we find the following advertisement.—"There is a Boarding School to

Duke of Argyll, and other noble personages, when they happened to be in town. It was a *land* of great distinction. Lord E——* resided in one of the *flats*. We deeply regret that it is now altogether destroyed, and that the localities of this sketch cannot be visited by the antiquary or the enthusiast. It was laid in ruins (February 1825) by one of that series of frequent and extensive conflagrations, which rendered the winter of 1824—1825 so memorable in Edinburgh.

We have placed Lady Lovat at the head of a *genus* of old ladies of quality, who, during the last century, resided in fourth flats of Old-Town houses, wore *pattens* when they went abroad, had miniatures of the Pretender next their hearts, and gave tea or card-parties once regu-

be set up in Blackfriars' Wynd, in Robinson's Land, upon the west side of the wynd, near the middle thereof, in the first door of the stair, leading to the said land, against the latter end of May, or first of June next, where young Ladies and Gentlewomen may have all sorts of breeding that is to be had in any part of Britain, and great care taken of their conversation. "

* This unfortunate individual was an elder of the College Kirk, and stood, in that capacity, at the door of the church, the very Sunday forenoon before he went down to Leith to put an end to his existence.

larly every fortnight in the world. Almost every generation of a Scotish family of rank, besides throwing off its regular swarm of male cadets, who went abroad and made fortunes, used to produce a corresponding number of daughters, who staid at home, and, for want of fortunes, became old maids. These gentlewomen, after the death of their parents, when of course a brother or nephew succeeded to the family-seat and estate, were compelled to shift for themselves, and leave room in the house for the new laird to bring up another generation destined in time to experience the same fate. Many of these ladies, who, in Catholic countries, would have found protection in nunneries, resorted to Edinburgh, where, with the humble provision assigned to them by their friends, or by his Majesty's Exchequer, they passed very inoffensive and sometimes useful lives, the peace of which was seldom broken otherwise than by the irruptions of their grand-nephews, who came with the proverbial hunger of *Hie-Schule callants*, or by the more stately calls of their noble cousins and brothers, who rendered their visits a little more auspicious by presents of a pound of

good hyson for the cady or a replenishment of black rappee for the snuff-box. The *leddies*, as they were called, were at once the terror and the admiration of their neighbours in the stair, who looked up to them, in their garrets, as the patronesses of the *land*, and as shedding a light of nobility over the flats below. They would pay ceremonious visits in sedans to their plebeian neighbours in the next close; and they never went anywhere without a few small comfits, which they distributed among the children, at the impartial rate of just one coriander a-piece. While they remained, not one urchin durst speak or munch above his breath. The deep *nicks* of her ladyship's lace, and the very heels of her clogs, had an imposing effect in awing them down to silence, and, while poring sedulously at their lessons, they would even cease the customary hum so indispensable in that task. No Old-Town boy of the present generation ever sees his mother visited by *ladies*, or finds his own itching palm gratified by the touch of that single, individual, precious comfit, worth, in his estimation, a whole

penny-worth bought with his own copper at the bottom of the stair!

At the period we allude to, people of all ranks lived very closely and cordially together, and the whole world were in a manner next-door neighbours. The population being dense, and the town small, the distance between the houses of friends was seldom considerable.* When an hundred friends lived within the space of so many yards, the company was easily collected; and, consequently, meetings took place more frequently, and upon more trivial occasions, than in these latter days of stately dinners and fantastic balls. Tea—simple tea—was then almost the only meal to which invitations were given.† The tea-parties

* Yet the "pomp and circumstance of glorious" gadding had to be kept up. Old Lady Galloway, for instance, who lived in the Horse Wynd, used to make ceremonious calls in a coach and six; and when she was going to drink tea in the wynd, the heads of the leaders were sometimes at the door of the house she was going to, while she was stepping into the carriage at her own door.

† It was drunk at four o'clock,—whence the term *four-hours*, still common in the country, where, to this day, we may observe, people continue to meet oftener at that vulgar and contemptible meal than at any other.

were resorted to by all who wished for elegant and social intercourse,* and never failed to attract a considerable proportion of old ladies of rank, who did not then disdain to mingle with respectable citizens; a practice which no doubt had great effect in diffusing the blessing of politeness throughout the middling ranks of the community. At eight o'clock to a minute, would arrive the maid, the lantern, and the pattens; when the whole assemblage dispersed, with undiminished respect on the one part and improved cordiality on the other.

We might easily enumerate a long list of old maids and dowagers of quality, with very amusing characteristic traits of each; but the exhibition would not be decorous. It could not fail to offend at least the unmarried *female* part of the present generation of a certain highly respected family, if we were to relate, how, from time immemorial, there had regularly been three ladies of every preceding generation left to wither in

* See "Edinburgh; or the Ancient Royalty," one of the admirable poems of the late Sir Alexander Boswell.

the garrets of Auld Reekie. Nor would it be grateful to the ears of a certain nobleman, to hear it publicly told of his venerable great-grand-aunts, that, during the latter years of their nonagenarian lives, they were reduced to the imbecility of second childhood, and amused themselves, like girls, in dressing dolls.* Nevertheless, we shall take the liberty of mentioning a few, whose character and manners were worthy of public notice, and whose fame is no scandal.

The Honourable Misses Murray, daughters of Viscount Stormont, and sisters of the illustrious Mansfield, resided in the third flat of *Smith's Land*, a large stone tenement, (opposite to the head of Blackfriars' Wynd, at the head of Bailie Fyfe's Close,)—which, during the last century, was occupied only by people of the high-

* Ladies who were not mad, used to dress dolls, in former times. From Mr Thomson's Jewel Book, it appears, that Queen Marie herself had dresses for dolls, and a "*bed*" for them. We suppose they were French fashions. Not many years ago, ladies used to make likenesses of their friends in the shape of dolls, and put them into glass cases, with a landscape painted behind. We have seen some very prettily done.

est respectability.* Miss NICOLAS, or *Nicky*, as she was usually called, was, for many years, *Lady-Directress* of all the public Assemblies of Edinburgh, an office to which she seems to have been preferred by acclamation. Her task was an arduous one; yet she appears to have performed it with much ability and discretion. She had got so completely into the way of managing public

* The late Mr Rochead of Inverleith lived here, when at school, about the year 1760. This gentleman belonged to a club of fourteen persons, who meet annually under the following singular circumstances. Those who when boys had composed Mr French's Class at the High School between 1759 and 1763, resolved, in the year 1783, to have thereafter an annual meeting. At that time forty out of sixty-four persons were alive. They had a sort of jubilee in 1809, when their wives and families also attended, and concluded the festivities with a ball. At present only thirteen survive. What is remarkable, they are almost all men distinguished by eminence of station in public life. We subjoin a list. Sir William Fettes, formerly Lord Provost of Edinburgh. The Right Honourable William Adam, Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court. General Campbell of Monzie. Charles Barclay Maitland, Esq; the great agricultural improver. William M'Farlane, Esq; Judge of the Small Debt Court. Archibald Lundie, Esq; W. S. John Scott, Accountant of Excise. James Dundas, Esq; W S. Hugh Cleghorn, Esq; of Strathvickie. Robert Blair, Professor of Astronomy, cousin of President Blair. William Clifton, Esq. The Rev. Walter Fisher, Minister of Cranstoun. Mr Robert Brysson.—Mr Rochead, the fourteenth, died October, 1824.

assemblies, that no one ever thought of opposing or rivalling her. Indeed, no other lady would have willingly encountered so troublesome an office. To balance the evils attendant upon her high station, Miss Nicky was endowed with unlimited power over her subjects, and had, vested in her single person, the absolute sway, which, in modern times, is dissipated throughout a dozen or twenty "*Ladies-Patronesses*"—the superiority of a monarchical over a democratical form of government. Like most other despots, Miss Nicky was a polite and good-natured person,* heard all petitions relating to the rights of individuals, and granted every reasonable request. In her disposition, she had none of the imperious and intractable tyranny of a *liberal* or a republic, but all the bland and amiable gentleness of a down-

* Good nature is said to have been the prevailing characteristic of her sister Margaret. Miss Nicky was more polite than good-natured.—It is a most remarkable circumstance that the Murrays of Stormont were noted for being rather dull fellows, before Lord Mansfield's father married a lady of a very clever family,—Marjory Scott, daughter of Scott of Scotstarvet,—after which talent became hereditary in the family. This is one proof, among many, of the great truth, that men of genius owe most to their mothers.

right, arbitrary, feudal, and undisputed sovereignty. At the opening of balls, when she used to be instantly surrounded by *chaperoning* maiden-aunts without number, and impetuous lovers, eager for tickets in a particular *set*, in order to meet with the dear object, she seemed at the command of every one, and sent all away well-pleased. Her good sense, her patience, and her activity, were equally wonderful. She was also remarkable for her impartiality in the disposal of *debutantes*, and never failed to give due preference to *a beauty*, without forgetting the claims of titled precedence. When the hour arrived for the dissolution of the Assembly, and the happy dancers crowded round her throne, to beg a few minutes of further festivity, she rose up, with prim mouth and consequential air, scarcely vouchsafing an answer to their entreaties, and, with one wave of her fan, silenced the musicians,—

> " Quick from the summit of the grove they fell,
> " And left it inharmonious."

Upon Miss Nicky's decease, in 1775, the Edinburgh Assemblies fell much off; and after they

were removed from the smoky and suffocating comfort of the *Old Assembly Close* to the airy and elegant rooms in George Street, the Managers got deeply in debt.—We have heard it said, that the Misses Murray inherited all the well-known affection of their father for the Exiled Family, and kept open house in Perth,* for the Chevalier and his officers, while the Highland army occupied that town, September 1745.

There was another Miss Murray in Edinburgh, of whom we have heard reports somewhat similar. She was, however, of the *Cherrytrees* family. A gentleman, who, in his youth, was intimate with her, informs us, that he has often heard her tell her story with her own mouth, to the following effect: The Chevalier frequently visited her at Edinburgh, during his stay in the city, and lodged one night in her house.† On this occasion he was called away

* It is said, the Prince lodged in their house, and, moreover, Miss Nicky made his bed with her own hands.

† Prince Charles Edward is said to have slept one night in a house in the village of Duddingstone—a large thatched edifice of two storeys, at the eastern end of the main street, about fifty yards west of the hawthorn which overhangs the road.

hurriedly in the morning, and left his case of razors behind him, which Miss Murray preserved for many years, as sacred relics. She was obliged to leave Scotland and live abroad, on account of the notice which her flagrant conduct attracted from the higher powers; but, after a residence of many years at Brussels, at last ventured back to Edinburgh, where she died thirty years ago, at an advanced age. She lived, in great retirement, in the fourth or fifth flat of a house in Niddry's Wynd; and, from the singularity of her history and manners, deserves well to be classed among the old ladies whom it is our present task to memorialize. She presented the Prince's razors to our informant, who gave them to his brother, along with whom they were lost, in Yarmouth Roads, about seventeen years ago.

Lady Catherine Wemyss and Lady Mary Campbell, the sisters of the celebrated John, Earl of Crawford, deserve a place in this record of remarkable old ladies. Lady Catherine, the eldest, (usually called *Lady Katy,*)* when

* Her ladyship was married to Lieutenant-Governor Wemyss of Edinburgh Castle, who obtained that appoint-

her brother died in 1749, was residing at Struthers, with her sister, Lady Mary, then widow of Dougall Campbell, Esq., of Glensaddel. Lady Mary, after her brother's death, resided constantly at Edinburgh. She lived first in *Jack's Land*, Chessels' Court, Canongate, at the head of the Old Play-house Close, first door in the stair. She afterwards removed to *Couper's Land*, first door in the stair, from which she, lastly, removed to the house of her grand-children, South St David Street, New Town, where she died at the advanced age of eighty-nine. Her ladyship's son, John Campbell of Glensaddel, when he came at one time to Edinburgh, with part of his family, resided in a house belonging to Mr Brown of Blackford, farther down the Canongate than *Couper's Land*, in a *Court* upon

ment through Lord Crawford. He was a younger son of Wemyss of Wemyss Hall, and had been bred a *Heckler*. This implies no disgrace, for it was customary in Fife, (as also in Perthshire,) in those days, to bring up the younger sons of the gentry to mechanical employments, with a political view to the encouragement of trade and manufactures; though as our venerable informant naively observes, "*it a' ended in their turnin' sodgers.*"

the opposite side; from which he removed to a house in the court behind *Couper's Land*, where he lived with his family till he purchased one of the new-fashioned self-contained houses in New Street, next door to Lord Hailes.—At the time Mr Campbell lived in New Street, Mrs Campbell of Blythswood, mother of the present Blythswood, lived with her family in a small house opposite, which for many years by-past has been occupied as a joiner's work-shop.—This Mr Campbell's grand-father, Dougall Campbell of Glensaddel, was bailiff of Kantyre at the time the Marquis of Argyll was beheaded, and received his head, when it was sent to be interred with the body at Kilmun. The white satin night-cap which the Marquis wore, was, by his lordship's request, given to Glensaddel. The family of Glensaddel are of many years standing in Argyllshire. The above bailiff of Kantyre was surety for Argyllshire at the Union.

The old Countess of Galloway, whom we have already mentioned, was a remarkable personage, being one of the three beautiful daughters of John fourth Earl of Dundonald, whose

charms are panegyrized by Hamilton of Bangour. The eldest of these three graces was married to the Duke of Hamilton ;* the second to the Earl of Strathmore, who was killed by Carnegie of Finhaven ; and the youngest, Lady Catherine, to Alexander, sixth Earl of Galloway. Her ladyship resided for many years in Galloway House, Horse Wynd,† a tall well-built mansion,

* She was commonly called, "BONNIE ANNIE," and died very young. There is at Hamilton Palace, a cast taken from her face after her death, which, in spite of the fell destroyer, exhibits traces of wonderful beauty and sweetness.

† The entrance to Minto House was from this Wynd, and close to Lady Galloway's house. Over the arched gateway (now converted into an Upholsterer's shop,) was Lord Minto's study. The stair of the house was forgot till after the whole was built.—Sir John Inglis of Cramond lived somewhere in the Horse Wynd, and, at another time, in the Bishop's Land.—It is also worth mentioning, that Mr Andrew Simson, the Episcopal clergyman, who, after being expelled from his parish at the Revolution, condescended to the trade of a printer, and published many curious books now known only to bibliomaniacs (*See Traditions, vol.* I. *p.* 234,) lived in the Horse Wynd.—Mr Dewar of Vogrie had a house in the Wynd—also, Dr Clerk, an eminent and very learned physician, father of the Hon. Baron Clerk Rattray. It was, for many years previous to the building of the South Bridge, the best and most frequented thoroughfare between the southern districts and the *Hie Town.* The great Dr Blair used to walk in a sort of state, with gown and wig, from his house in Argyll

with urns on the top.* She died at Bath in 1786. The house afterwards belonged to Sir Stewart Moncrieff. The Galloway family, at one time, had a house near the head of the West Bow.

The following notices of some members of Lord Justice Clerk Alva's family, may with propriety be inserted here.—

There was something very striking in the fate of his step-daughter LADY SUTHERLAND, and of the Earl, her husband, a pattern for all noblemen present and to come. Lady Sutherland was blessed with a temper of the most remarkable sweetness, which shone in a face of so much beauty as to have occasioned admiration where almost all were beautiful—we mean, at the coronation of

Square, down the Horse Wynd, up the Old Fishmarket Close, and, so, to the High Church, every Sunday forenoon, when he went to preach. His style of walking was very pompous, though, perhaps, not affected.—We are informed by a person who once met this celebrated divine on a morning visit in the country, that his dress was most curiously clerical,—a small wig,—rusty black clothes, made very tight,—and a pair of boots resembling those of the parson in the first print of the Harlot's Progress.

* See Traditions, vol. I., p. 191.

his late Majesty.* The death of their first child, Lady Catherine, gave deep sorrow to this amiable couple, and was supposed to have materially injured Lord Sutherland's health, which finally required a journey to Bath, where he was seized with an infectious fever and attended night and day by his wife, then pregnant, till she herself caught the fatal distemper. It was very extraordinary, that the Countess's death was concealed from his lordship, and that, nevertheless, when his delirium left him, the day before he died, he frequently said, "I am going to join my dear wife," appearing to know that she had "already reached the goal with mended pace!" Can it be possible, that the human eye is sometimes able to penetrate the veil which hangs, in thick and gloomy folds, between this world and the next, or does the "mortal coil" in which the light of mind is enveloped, become thinner and more transparent, by the wearing of deadly sickness!—The bodies of the Earl and Countess were brought to Holyrood-house, where

* See Lord Orford's Letters.

they had usually resided when in town, and lay in state for some time previous to their interment in the Chapel. The grief of their own circle was universal, as they were beloved and respected by all; and much poetry was written on the occasion, of which a specimen may be seen in Evans's Old Ballads.

Lady Glenorchy, the younger sister of Lady Sutherland, was remarkable for her religious disposition. She was exceedingly unfortunate in her marriage, and was early taught to seek consolation from things "not of this world." We have been told, that nothing could have been more striking than to hear this young and beautiful creature, pouring forth her melodious notes in hymns, while most of her sex and age, at that time, exercised their voices only upon the stupid, disgusting lyrics of the Orpheus Caledonius and Tea-Table Miscellany. She met with her rich reward, even in this world; for she enjoyed the applause of the wealthy and the blessings of the poor, with that supreme of all pleasures, the conviction that the eternal welfare of those in whose fate she was chiefly interested,

was forwarded, if not perfected, by her pious precepts and example.

Lady Glenorchy, when in town, resided in the Breadalbane apartments in Holyrood-house.*

Lord Glenorchy, in every respect the opposite of his wife,—at once a rake and a macaroni,—is characteristically mentioned in a somewhat scandalous ballad, (written, about sixty years ago, on the occasion of a *ridotto* in Holyrood-house, and never printed,) of which we subjoin a few of the most interesting stanzas:

1

I sing the Ridotto in Holyrood-house,
Where Cochrane and Squire Eccles the ladies did souce.

*And Welcome, all of you, all of you, all of you,*
*Welcome, all of you, to Holyrood-house.*

2

There was Duke Hamilton, with his turned coat—
Why wore you't, my lord, ere the ribbon you got?

*Welcome*, &c.

3

And there was his Duchess, whose beauty excels,
Who dazzles the beaux and darkens the belles.

*Welcome*, &c.

* She died in George's Square, 1786.

4

And there was our General,* with his young wife,
The pride of his heart and joy of his life.
*Welcome, &c.*

5

And there was Beau Seton, the quality squire,
Who's sure to catch cold if he misses a chair.
*Welcome, &c.*

6

And there was Glenorchy, that delicate youth,
Who ventures abroad when the wind's in the south.
*Welcome, &c.*

7

And there was fine Johnstone,† retired to a nook,
Despising the fair ones, he read on a book.
*Welcome, &c.*

8

And there was Bob Murray, who's married, alas!
But still rivals Johnstone in beauty and grace.
*Welcome, &c.*

9

And there was a lady, well known by her airs,
Who ne'er goes to revel but after her prayers.
*Welcome, &c.*

10

And there were the Stuarts of every degree
As braw and as comely as lasses could be.
*Welcome, &c.*

11

Miss Wedderburn there was doubly armed—
Who sees her or hears her are doubly charmed.
*Welcome, &c.*

12

Seven virgins laid hold of one man, woes me!
Alas for the ladies, Monboddo was he!
*Welcome &c.*

* * * * * *

* Bland. † Coll.

Lord Alva's second daughter, JANE ERSKINE, became the wife of William Kirkpatrick of Ellisland, second son of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick second Baronet of Closeburne, by Isobel, daughter of Sir William Lockhart of Carstairs, by the Lady Isobel Douglas, sister of William, first Duke of Queensberry. This lady is mentioned here chiefly on account of an elegy with which the celebrated Lord Hailes embalmed her memory, after her premature decease. The verses were never printed, and as any scrap of so distinguished a man must be valuable, though not in the style of poetry now most admired, we are happy to give them a place.

From heath-clad hills return'd, and desarts drear,
With raptures I beheld my native shore;
Short gleam of joy!—fame sounded in my ear,
"Thy much lov'd friend Amanda is no more."

Oh, she was gentle all, of blameless truth;
Unstain'd her purity, her sense sublime,
Mature her judgment in the bloom of youth—
And was this flow'ret cropt before its time!

She died—eternal wisdom so decreed;
Dread Father, we submit—thy will be done!—
Yet must our hearts with fond remembrance bleed,
Yet friendship must bewail Amanda gone.

Witness the tears that for Amanda flow,
Witness her kindred sore with grief opprest,
Witness her hoary parent's pensive woe,
And sighs quick throbbing from her consort's breast.

Ill-fated man, thy plaints I much approve,
With thee I'll mourn, of every groan partake,
Yet Oh! regard the pledges of her love,
And stay thy sorrow for her children's sake!

'Tis thine to guard their innocence from ill,
To check by blame, to cherish by applause,
'Tis thine to bend their yet untutor'd will,
And mould their tender souls to reason's laws.

Amanda, partner of my soul, farewell!—
My soul shall ever for thine absence mourn,
Rememb'ring thee, the faithful muse shall tell,
That humble virtues best thy sex adorn.

Go—seraph—go—thy native skies regain,
The mansions blest of immortality—
Thy death hath taught us all below is vain,
May thine example teach us how to die!*

The following brief characteristic traits of the DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUGH AND MONMOUTH,†

* Taken *verbatim* from a copy in the possession of one of Mrs Kirkpatrick's descendants.

† This remarkable lady was born at Dundee, in 1651, when that town was occupied by many of the Cavalier nobility, and resisted the siege of Monk. She was married, 1663, in the presence of Charles the Second and his Queen, to James Duke of Monmouth, son of the king. She died in 1732, and was buried in the Church of Dalkeith.—*Wood's Peerage.*

who must have resided, at some period of her long life, in Edinburgh, are worthy of preservation, and may be relied upon as authentic. They are derived from a singularly pure and direct source of traditionary information,—our author having dined with a lady who had dined with her grace.

The Duchess was very crooked, and had one leg shorter than the other. Yet she was an astonishingly dignified personage. As her husband had been invested with all the honours of a Prince of the Blood, she kept up her state to the last, having only one seat in her rooms (and that generally under a canopy) for herself; so her visitors were compelled to stand. When Lady Margaret Montgomery,* daughter to Alexander, ninth Earl of Eglintoune, was at a boarding-school near London, (previous to *the year thirty*), she was frequently invited by the Duchess to her house, and, because her great-grandmother, Lady Mary Lesly, was sister to her

* The " English Margaret " of a poetical fragment which follows. Her ladyship was afterwards married to Sir Alexander M'Donald of Slate, and gave protection to the Chevalier, in his wanderings.

grace's mother, was allowed the extraordinary privilege of a chair. It is said that she made a rule of being served on the knee; but this is not probable; and, indeed, some of her letters still extant prove her to have been a shrewd, benevolent woman, and exhibit no traces whatever of a haughty Princess of the Blood.

Ladies Barbara and Margaret Stewart, the twin-daughters of Charles, fourth Earl of Traquair, lived for many years and died in the land at the head of the Canongate, entering from St Mary's Wynd. They are remarkable on no other account than their having been the subject of a Latin distich by Pitcairn.

> Tertia Septembris vos orbi misit ovanti,
> Et te, Cromvelli, dire tyranne, Stygi.
> Quam gratum errorem matri patrique creatis?
> Quam cupidos dabitis, quam timidosque procos?

The former of these ladies died in 1794, the latter in 1791.

Caroline,* Marchioness of Lothian great-grand-mother of the present Marquis, is said to

* Lady Caroline D' Arcy, only daughter of Robert Earl of Holderness, and great-grand-daughter of the Duke of Schomberg, who was killed at the battle of the Boyne.

have been at once an amiable and noble-minded person.—She resided at Lothian Hut, near the foot of the Canongate. Upon one occasion, requiring a few things from a milliner, she sent to the Misses Ramsay,* then eminent in the line, for a sight of their patterns. Instead of obeying the order implicitly, they came in person, dressed out in a very splendid style, and told her ladyship, that every article they wore, was "at the very top of the fashion." The Marchioness, highly displeased with their affectation, said that she would take their specimens into consideration, and wished them a good morning. She then sent for Mrs Sellers, who kept a resplen-

* The Misses Ramsay had their shop at the east side of the Old Lyon Close, north side of the High Street, opposite the upper end of the City-Guard House. They made a fortune in business, and built, towards the end of their lives, Marionville, a splendid villa near Restalrig. People called it *Lappet Ha'*, in contempt of their profession. Here, about thirty seven years ago, lived Captain Macrae, celebrated for having killed Sir George Ramsay, in a duel fought upon Musselburgh Links, which took place in consequence of an insult which Captain M. thought he had received from Sir George's servant at the door of the Theatre. Captain Macrae was very fond of Theatricals and had a private Theatre fitted up in his house. After the duel, he escaped abroad.

dent millinery shop in the Lawnmarket, (in a wooden land near the present site of Bank Street,) who made her appearance in a more discreet and modest manner. Her head-dress consisted of a mob-cap of the finest *lawn*, tied under her chin; over which, there was a hood of the same stuff. She wore a cloak of plain black silk, without any lace; and had no bonnet, the use of which was supplied by the hood. Mrs Sellers' manners were, moreover, very elegant and pleasing. When she entered, the Marchioness rose to receive her. On being asked for her patterns, she stept to the door, and brought in two large boxes, which had been carried behind her by two young women. The articles, being produced, gave great satisfaction, and her ladyship never afterwards employed any other milliner. Mrs Sellers died upwards of forty years ago, after having been in business during the greater part of a century.

*Lady Malcolm*, (widow of Sir Michael Malcolm of Lochorr,) who, in 1794, resided at No. 16, North Frederick Street, may here be briefly noticed. She was daughter to Lord Chancellor

Bathurst. Sir Michael was bred to be a joiner *(see note on Governor Wemyss)* in London. Being related to the unfortunate Lord Balmerino, he was sent for, to be present at his execution. Miss Bathurst saw him upon the scaffold, and fell in love with him on the spot. He was a stout, knock-kneed, large faced man, and by no means handsome. Lady Malcolm, while residing here, was subject to low spirits, and had the gout in her legs, so that she could not mingle in any of the gaieties of Edinburgh. Sir Michael sold the estate of Lochorr to Mr Jobson, whose daughter was recently married to Walter Scott, Esq., son of the great Sir Walter, who now enjoys it. The title devolved upon James Malcolm of Grange, and, at his death, upon John Malcolm of Balbedie.*

* There is a common saying respecting this once powerful family: "Keep ye weel frae Sir John Malcolm."—The following is a sort of popular rhyme in Fife.

Balbedie has a second son,
They ca' him Michael Malcolm,
He gangs about Balgonie dykes,
Huntin' and hawkin';
He's stown awa' the bonnie lass,
And kept the widow waukin'.

While upon the amusing subject of old ladies, it will not perhaps be superogatory, to add a few traits of some* who were not *of quality*.

The Misses Gedd, who kept a boarding-school in Paterson's Court,† Lawn-market, were conspicuous in their day, and are remarkable for having

* The Princess Duskoff, who had so great a share in the murder of the Russian Emperor Peter, after she lost the favour of Catherine, came to Edinburgh, and resided in a hotel (now Gibb's) at the south-east corner of St Andrew's Square. She gave parties in the large room there. The ladies only were accommodated with chairs, while the gentlemen stood or acted as waiters.—She afterwards paid a visit to Mr Daniel Campbell, M. P. at Woodhall, and was supposed to have had an amour with him. At least she contrived to fleece him out of all the family diamonds.—We are informed by a lady of quality still alive, that, when a girl, she went, with her grandmother, to drink tea with the Princess at Mrs Greenfield's, in Middleton's Entry, near the Potterrow. Mrs Greenfield's son was tutor to the son of the Princess. The Russian was quite covered over with costly furs and diamonds, and came with her guards. Her robe had a deep skirt of white fur, with a large black star behind.

† The Earl of Lauderdale, in 1765, lived in the fifth flat of a house in Paterson's Court. Subsequently, the residence of this family was in that large tenement at the Meal-market in the Cowgate, third door up the first *scale-stair* east of the bottom of the Back Stairs. Opposite to this last, was a tenement burnt down in 1821,—a very old house. The Marchioness of Stafford remembers being taken to visit Lady Penelope Crichton in one of the flats of this *land*.

been the sisters of Don Patrichio Gedd, the hospitable physician at St Jago, of whom such honourable mention is made in *Byron's Narrative*, and, no less in Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope.' They were staunch, old, honest, Jacobite Episcopalians, and kept a full-length portrait of the old Pretender in their dining-room. Whether they were related to the inventor of *Stereotype Printing* or not, we cannot decide. But they had a near kinsman, who held a captaincy in the Town Guard, as witness Robert Fergusson,—

"Nunc est bibendum, et bendere bickerum magnum,
"Cavete Town-Guardum, Dougal Geddum atque Camp-
"bellum."

Dougal was a short, stout man. Campbell, his comrade, was a tall, slender, solemn man, and wore a *brigadier wig*— *i. e.* a wig with three tails, the middle one tied with a black ribbon. The Misses Gedd were descended from the family of Gedd of Baldridge near Dunfermline; and their establishment was chiefly supported by the Jacobite families of Fife.

Miss Jeanie Elliot, who wrote that *set* of the "Flowers o' the Forest," beginning, "I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling," lived in Brown's Square, first door, on the left hand, after passing through the arched entry from the Candlemaker Row. She is said to have been a very agreeable old lady, with a fund of anecdote, and to have never been handsome.

Mrs May Drummond, the quakeress,* celebrated by Pope, Spence, and others, and sister to the illustrious Provost Drummond, is well worthy of notice. She went about preaching, both in England and in Scotland, and her prelections

* "Saturday last, at noon, Thomas Erskine, brewer in the Pleasants, and chief preacher 'mong the people called Quakers, made a religious peregrination through this city: he made his first station at the Bowhead, where he pronounced woes and judgments on the inhabitants of the Good Town, if they did not repent. Thence he walked to the Cross, where he repeated what he had evangelized by the way, and concluded with desiring the audience to remember well what he taught them: however, he gave them forty days to think on't."—*Caledonian Mercury, Jan.* 19, 1736.

"*Edin: June* 28, 1736. Last Saturday at noon, Thomas Erskine, chief preacher among the Quakers here, evangelized from the Castle hill down the High Street to the Netherbow, uncovered; enforcing, with a deal of warmth, that the dreadful day of the Lord was at hand."—*Ibid.*

met with applause from the most distinguished critics of both countries, who went to hear her. In many respects, she was perhaps the most remarkable woman that Scotland ever produced, except the Duchess of Lauderdale, as characterized by Burnet. She is picturesquely described by a person who remembers seeing her, as a tall, handsome woman, who, when she moved in the streets, wore a black velvet tippet, over a camblet dress buttoned from her chin to her feet, and never raised her eyes from the ground.*

* The above traits will probably encrease in raciness, rarity, and value, every year to come, for we fear that there shall never again be seen a generation of such clever, eccentric old women, as that which we have just endeavoured, by examples, to delineate. The Scotish female character is now undergoing a great and decisive revolution, being reduced, by a fatal process of over-cultivation, to a sort of dead level, which is much to be lamented, when we consider the graceful and picturesque varieties into which it was formerly permitted to luxuriate. The Genius—perhaps, we might rather say, the *Demon*, or, at least, the *Imp* of Modern Education, goes, like a roller, over the female mind, and breaks down all its once animated and interesting features into a plain undistinguished superficies, not more "flat," we are assured, than "unprofitable." In our early days we knew women who, though born in a respectable rank of society, had never been at school in their lives, yet wrote the cleverest letters, said the most amusing things, made shrewd observations, and did not want refinement of

To these notices of last-century ladies, we subjoin a few memorabilia of the female dresses, then most fashionable, and now unknown.

The walking-dress of a young lady towards the end of last century, was very pretty. A white or black gypsey straw hat, projecting several inches behind and before, and tied down close over the ears with a coloured ribbon. Beneath this, the hair was dressed, powdered, and frizzed up in a bush upon the forehead, while, behind, it hung in large and graceful curls, about half way down the back. A white linen frock, closed with pins behind; a long flaunting sash; the waist long; over the gown, a white or black *mode* tippet, open in front, but pinned to the gown behind, to

taste. Thus was it with almost every one of the above ladies, who, possessing natural good sense, amiable dispositions, and an eminent share of the household virtues, made most respectable figures in society, though they had never studied one question in ancient geography, murdered a single note upon the piano-forte, or painted anything of the least degree of gaudiness upon velvet, wood, or paper. Education was, in the last age, limited; but it was, in almost every respect, superior to the series of tricksy and artificial accomplishments, with which, like painted statuary, the beautiful natural lineaments of the female mind are now polluted and impaired.

keep it from turning. The neck bare; the arms also bare, but partly protected by *mitts*, from which the fingers protruded. A fan in the hand. White thread stockings, and coloured slippers, pointed at the toes, with a sprig of silk, sewed in the front.

*Calashes*, *Bongraces*, *Capuchins*, *Negligees*, *Stomachers*, *Stays*, *Hoops*, *Lappets*, *Pinners*, *Plaids*, *Fans*, *Busks*, *Rumple-Knots*, *&c.* were then worn, and are now forgotten.

The *Calash* was a species of hood constructed of silk upon a frame-work of cane, and was used as a protection to a cap or head-dress, in walking out or riding in a carriage. It could be folded back like the vizor of a helmet, so as to lie gathered together behind the neck. The *Calash* somewhat resembled the modern vehicle termed a *landau*.

The *Bongrace* was a bonnet of silk and cane, in shape somewhat like a modern bonnet.

The *Capuchin* was a short cloak, reaching not below the elbows. It was of silk, edged with lace, or of velvet. Gentlemen also wore capuchins. The first Sir William Forbes frequently

appeared at the Cross in one.* A lady's *mode tippet* was nearly the same piece of dress.

The *Negligee* was a gown, projecting in loose and ample folds from the back. It could only be worn with stays. It was entirely open in front, so as to show the Stomacher, across which it was laced, with flat silk cords, while, below, it opened more widely and showed the petticoat. This latter, though shorter, was sometimes more splendid than the gown, and had a deep flounce. Ladies, in walking, generally carried the tail of the gown over the arm, and exhibited the petti-

* Sir William also wore a muff, which, in his time, was a common piece of dress among the gentlemen of Edinburgh. The muff was usually small, of a black colour, and hung from the neck by a string, like a child's drum. They were very convenient things; indeed, it is said that a gentleman was once known to come up the High Street of Edinburgh, in broad day, eating a penny-pie out of his muff. It was either a pie or a penny cut of cooked salmon bought from a woman who, in by-gone times, kept a little stall at the head of the Old Fishmarket Close, and sold such savoury morsels from a dripping-pan, accompanied by a species of roll called *bawbee roundabouts* baked of coarse flour, and resembling what are now known among the boys of Edinburgh by the name of *halfpenny scones*. When you took three roundabouts, you paid only a penny farthing. Many of our aged readers must recollect, and with pleasure, the pays when they bought penny cuts of salmon and *bawbee roundabouts*.

coat; but when they entered a room, they always came sailing in, with the train sweeping full and majestically behind them.*

The *Stomacher* was a triangular piece of rich silk, one corner pointing downwards and joining the fine black lace-bordered apron, while the other two angles pointed to the shoulders. Great pains was usually discovered in the adornment of this beautiful and most attractive piece of dress. Many wore jewels upon it; and a lady would have thought herself poor indeed, if she could not bedizen it with strings of bugles or tinsel.

*Stays* were made so long, sixty years ago, that they touched the chair, both in front and rear, when a lady sat. They were worn so tight that ladies had to hold by the bed-post, while the abigail was lacing them. There is a story told of a lady of high rank in Scotland, about 1720, which gives us a strange idea of the rigours and

* In the year 1750, it was the talk of the town, that a *fille-de-joye* of distinction (Charlotte Davidson by name) had a silk gown! She lived in that fashionable district, the West Bow, to the no small annoyance of its precise and haughty inhabitants.

inconvenience of this fashion. She stinted her daughters as to diet, on account of their shapes; but the young ladies, having the cook in their interest, used to unlace their stays at night, after her ladyship went to bed, and make a hearty meal. They were at last discovered, by the smell of a roast-goose, carried up stairs to their bed-chamber; as unluckily their lady-mother did not take snuff,* and was not asleep.

The *Hoop* was contemporary with and a necessary appendage of the Stays. There were different *species* of hoops, being of various shapes and uses. The *Pocket-Hoop*, worn in the morning, was like a pair of small panniers, such as one sees on an ass.—The *Bell-Hoop* was a sort of petticoat, shaped like a bell, and made with cane or rope for frame-work. This was not quite full

* Snuff-taking was prevalent among young women, in our grand-mothers' time. Their flirts used to present them with pretty snuff-boxes. In one of the monthly *numbers* of the Scots Magazine for the year 1745, there is a satirical poem upon the practice of snuff-taking, by a swain; to which a lady replies next month, defending the fashion as elegant and of some account in coquetry. Almost all the old ladies who survived the commencement of this century, took snuff. Some kept it in pouches, and abandoned for its sake the wearing of white ruffles and handkerchiefs.

dress. There was also a straw petticoat,—a species of hoop, such as is so common in French prints.—The full-sized Evening Hoop was so monstrous, that people saw one half of it enter the room before the wearer. This was very inconvenient in the Old Town, where door-ways and closes* were narrow. In going down a close or a turnpike stair, ladies tilted them up, and carried them under their arms. In case of this happening, there was a *show petticoat* below; and such care was taken to preserve appearances, that even the *garters* were worn fine (for exhibition), being either embroidered, or having gold and silver fringes and tassels,—for, according to Pope,

" Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
" Though stiff with hoops and armed with ribs of whale!"

The French silks worn during the last century were beautiful—the patterns were so well drawn, and the stuff of such excellent quality. The

* We were informed by an old gentleman, that he has seen two ladies with hoops, going at full sail up the Lawn-market, and occupying the whole pavement from side to side with their stately and voluminous persons.

dearest common brocade was about a guinea a yard,—if with gold or silver, considerably more.

The *Lappet* was a piece of Brussels or point lace, hanging in two pieces from the crown of the head, and streaming gracefully behind.

*Pinners*, such as the celebrated Egyptian Sphinx wears, were pinned down the Stomacher.

*Plaids* were worn by ladies, to cover their heads and muffle their faces, when they went into the street. The council-records of Edinburgh abound in edicts against the use of this flagitious piece of dress, which, they said, confounded decent women with those who were the contrary.

*Fans* were large, the sticks curiously carved, and, if of leather, generally very well painted,—being imported from Italy or Holland. In later times, these have been sometimes framed like pictures, and hung on the walls.

All women, high and low, wore enormous *Busks*, generally with a heart carved at the upper end. In low life, this was a common present to sweethearts—if from carpenters, they were artificially fineered.

The *Rumple-Knot* was a large bunch of ribbons worn at the *peak* * of the waist behind. Knots of ribbons were then numerous over the whole body. There were the *breast-knots*, two *hainch-knots*, (at which there were also buttons for looping up the gown behind,) a knot at the tying of the beads behind the neck, one in front and another at the back of the head-gear, and knots upon the shoes. It took about twelve yards, or upwards, to make a full suit of ribbons.†

Other minor articles of dress and adornment, were, the *Befong* handkerchief (spelt at random), of a stuff similar to what is now called *net*, crossed upon the breast;—Paste ear-rings and necklace;—Broad black bracelets at the wrists; A *ping pong*—a jewel fixed to a wire with a long pin at the end, worn in front of the cap, and which shook as the wearer moved. It was generally stuck in the cushion, over which the hair was turned in front. Several were frequently worn at once. It was sometimes pronounced

* The *peak* was a deep sharp angle in the close part of the gown behind, pointing downwards.

† A Gown then required ten yards of stuff.

*pompoon ;—Fly-caps*, encircling the head, worn by young matrons, and *Mob-caps*, falling down over the ears, used only by old ones ;—*Pockets* of silk or satin, of which young girls wore *one* above their other attire ;—Silk or Linen Stockings,—never of cotton,which is a modern stuff,—slashed with pieces of a colour in strong contrast with the rest, or gold or silver clocks, wove in. The silk stockings were very thick, and could not be washed on account of the gold or silver. They were frequently of scarlet silk, and (1755) worn both by ladies and gentlemen. High-heeled shoes, set off with fine lace or sewed work, and sharply pointed in front.

For the sake of giving the reader a more picturesque idea of the former dresses of the ladies of Edinburgh than the above tame list can be supposed to excite, we venture to add two curious songs of the last century, abounding in local allusions, and calculated, as we think, to call up many appropriate reminiscences of the past glories of the Old Town Ladies and their dresses. They were never before published. The first is copied from the "*Ballad Book*" of an amateur,

to which we were indebted for the specimen of Lady Dick's poetical talents *(vol.* I. *p.* 230,); and the latter has been extracted, and slightly altered, from a manuscript collection, written by a lady of rank, *circa* 1760, from which the "Ridotto in Holyroodhouse" was also taken.

1

I'll gar our gudeman trow that I'll sell the ladle,
If he winna buy to me a new side saddle,—
To ride to the kirk, and frae the kirk, and round about
the toun,—
Stand about, ye fisher jauds, and gie my goun room!

2

I'll gar our gudeman trow that I'll tak the fling-strings,
If he winna buy to me twelve bonnie goud rings,
Ane for ilka finger, and twa for ilka thoom,—
Stand about, ye fisher jauds, and gie my goun room!

3

I'll gar our gudeman trow that I'm gaun to dee,
If he winna fee to me twa valets or three,
To beir my tail up frae the dirt and ush me through
the toun,—
Stand about, ye fisher jauds, and gie my goun room!

---

1

As Mally Lee cam' down the street, her *capuchin* did flee;
She coost a look behind her, to see her *negligee*.

*And we're a' gaun east and wast, we're a' gaun agee,*
*We're a' gaun east and wast, courtin' Mally Lee.*

2

She had twa *lappets* at her head, that flaunted gallantlie,
And *ribbon-knots* at back and breast of bonnie Mally Lee.

*And we're a' gaun, &c.*

3

A' down alang the Canongate, were beaux o' ilk degree;
And mony ane turned round to look at bonnie Mally Lee.

*And we're a' gaun, &c.*

4

And ilka bab her *pompoon* gied, ilk lad thought that's to me;
But feint a ane was in the thought of bonnie Mally Lee.

*And we're a' gaun, &c.*

5

Frae *Seton's Land** a Countess fair look'd owre a window hie,
And pined to see the genty shape of bonnie Mally Lee.

*And we're a' gaun, &c.*

6

And when she reached the Palace porch, there lounged Yerls three;
And ilk ane thought his Kate or Meg a drab to Mally Lee.

*And we're a' gaun, &c.*

7

The dance gaed through the Palace ha', a comely sight to see;
But nane was there sae bright or braw as bonnie Mally Lee.

*And we're a' gaun, &c.*

* There was another house in Edinburgh distinguished by the name of Seton's Land. It stood, and perhaps still stands, in Libberton's Wynd.

8

Though some had jewels in their hair, like stars 'mang cluds
did shine,
Yet Mally did surpass them a', wi' but her glancin' eyne.
*And we're a' gaun, &c.*

9

A Prince cam' out frae 'mang them a', wi' garter at his knee,
And danced a stately rigadoon, wi' bonnie Mally Lee.
*And we're a' gaun, &c.*

We need not expatiate upon the romantic and curious interest of such fragments as the following:—

A lady gaed up the Parliament Stairs,
Wi' *pendles* in her lugs sae bonnie;
Mony a lord lifted his hat.

* * * * *

*Ballad Book, p.* 97.

What charms can English Margaret boast,
To fix thy inconstant mind,
And keep the heart that I have lost?
Oh cruel and unkind!

For I can kilt my *coat* as high,
And curl my *red toupee*,—
And I'll put on an *English mutch*,
If that has charms for thee.

* * * * *

*Ballad Book, p.* 121.

## DAFT JAMIE OR *BAILIE* DUFF.*

THIS singular madman is rendered interesting by the figure which he makes at Mrs Margaret Bertram's funeral in "Guy Mannering." He is remembered by many natives of Edinburgh still alive, as a very amusing person, on account of his strange habits and droll personal appearance.

John Kay, the venerable caricaturist, whose memory we have consulted on this occasion, has frequently seen the poor natural, when a boy, at Leith races, about seventy years ago; when he used to run round the course, bare-legged and bare-footed, whipping his own sides with a switch, using all the gestures of a rider, and evidently considering himself one of the equestrian competitors.

* We beg to state that, for our own part, we do not consider such personages as *Daft Jamie Duff* and many others who follow, worthy of a place in this work, simple and undignified as most of its materials happen to be. We are unwillingly induced to admit them, on account of the large share of attention which they drew from our fathers, and the consequent duty imposed upon us of commemorating their follies for the amusement of a new generation.

He afterwards adopted the semblance of a more dignified character,—that of a bailie,—whence his popular *soubriquet* of *Daft Bailie Duff*. He assumed a brass chain round his neck, in imitation of that civic dignitary, and had a cocked hat and wig. One of the *real* bailies once excited his indignation by attempting to deprive him of his chain, which he considered a sort of satire upon sacred things.

The poor creature was often tormented by the wicked boys of Edinburgh, who called him by opprobrious names, tugged his skirts, and sent him upon a false scent after funerals, of which it was his hobby to be an amateur attendant. When provoked by their abuse, it was his custom—not to turn round and pursue the offenders, but to rush headlong forward and wreak his vengeance upon the first innocuous person he met, many of whom were quite surprised to find themselves knocked down, without knowing for what. He was, however, naturally inoffensive.

His master-passion was a love of funerals. Scarcely one ceremony of this sort happened in

Edinburgh during forty years, that was not graced with his presence. He walked, hat in hand, in advance of the *saulies*, with weepers and cravat; and it is said that he preserved a gravity in his countenance, perfectly appropriate to the occasion. In truth, he was a complete, though unconscious, caricature of the mimic woe of the mourners. It may be wondered, how he contrived to get notice of all the funerals that were about to happen; but this wonder will vanish, when it is considered, that, in his time, Edinburgh was so small a town, that every circumstance of any note was known throughout the whole city, as fully and speedily as in the most gossipping villages of our own time. Moreover, he attended the church-yards daily, and examined the sextons. It would have been surprising indeed, if any respectable person died in Edinburgh, without Bailie Duff receiving intelligence of the event! It is affirmed that never but once did he remain unapprised of such an occurrence. The funeral-company happened to cross his path, as he was carrying *a rake of water* home from a public well for his mother. Astonished that he had

not been made aware of the circumstance, he was about to run home for his lugubrious habiliments and weepers, but, reflecting that the best of the sport might be over before he could get back, he the next moment determined upon joining the procession as he was, and, accordingly, without laying down his mother's stoups, or even taking time to adjust his foolish face to the decorum of the occasion, he took his place at the head of the *saulies*, who regarded him with no pleasant eye. The procession moved on and on, went out of town, and along a road to the westward, still preceded by the indefatigable bailie, who, rather than desert his post, would have gone (water-stoups and all) till he died with fatigue. The procession at length reached Queensferry, where the mourners took boat across the Firth, and left the poor fool standing upon the shore with his water-pails in his hands, and casting many a wistful, bewildered look after them, as they receded from his gaze. After returning home, he said, that he had never been at "sic a daft-like burial before—for there was *nae grave at it!*"

He lived with his mother, in the upper flat of a house at the foot of the College Wynd,* near the Cowgate, entered by a turret-like turnpike

* It was in a low shop, adjacent to this house, fronting towards the Cowgate, and forming the north-western corner of the bottom of the College Wynd, that the famous Brodie held his consultations with his accomplices, before robbing the Excise-Office.—Previously to the southern extension of the city and the renovation of the University buildings, the College Wynd was the chief residence of the Professors and the better sort of the students. It is said that the celebrated Goldsmith, while at the College of Edinburgh, lived here. The late Lord Keith, while a youth, studied in lodgings near the head of the wynd, upon the east side. The father of the present Sir Alexander Keith of Ravelston, Knight Marischal of Scotland, had a house at the head, east side, in which that gentleman was born. The entry to the University, having a richly ornamented architrave and inscription, was opposite to the head of the wynd, which was the avenue leading to it from the old Town. This gate was for some time shut up and reserved for the use of Principal Robertson, who used it when going into the town; wherefore some College wag observed that, from being the principal entry, it descended to become only an entry for the Principal. These ancient residences of the learned are very mean, and it would astonish a southern stranger, were he to contrast their low and squalid obscurity with the dusky grandeur of Oxford. There still partly exists, upon the east side of the wynd, near the middle, a building with a religious inscription, supposed to be the last relic of the sacred edifices of the Blackfriars endowed by King Alexander the Second, to whom a great part of the grounds south of the Cowgate appear to have belonged. It has been said, though we cannot vouch for the fact, that the earliest High School of Edinburgh was kept in this house, a short time subsequent to the Reformation.

stair. He was very kind to this relative, and so conscientious in his attentions to her, that he would not allow himself to eat upon the spot any food offered at the houses of his friends, even though it was not of such a nature as could be conveniently carried home. Thus, when the donation consisted in that good Scotish soup called *kail*, he would insist upon the basin being emptied into his pocket, though, before he reached his mother's house, the liquid was found to have left only a base *residuum* of barley. It was his custom to throw all his gatherings into her lap, and he has been known to offend her highly by defiling her apron with bloody sheep-heads, garbage, &c., or sousing her with pail-fulls of nasty, though nutricious fluids. He was once in the Market with a basket on his back, when a lady, thinking him a cady, gave him some articles to take charge of and carry home for her; and the conscientious bailie, understanding the whole to be a gift, instantly ran off with his burden to the College Wynd.

He usually got a douceur of a shilling or half-crown, for his attendance at funerals, it being

quite as customary to pay for his spontaneous services as for those of the hired officials.* He frequently got money from charitable people; but, at the time of the American war, when the recruiting parties were not very scrupulous about the quality of their recruits or the means to be employed in procuring them, he conceived an antipathy to white money, which all the assurances of the offerers and, no less, of his mother, could not overcome. He was afraid of being enlisted unawares. At length his mother got a little boy, who was nephew to Jamie, instituted as his purse-bearer; after which, his friends found no longer any difficulty in rendering him the object of their beneficence.

*Daft Jamie* was tall and robust, with a slouching, shambling gait, and usually wore his stockings hanging loose about his heels. He never could speak distinctly, though it was remarked, that, when irritated, he could make a shift to swear. He died in 1788.

* It is worth mentioning in particular, that he attended the funeral of the celebrated David Hume.

## THE DAFT LAIRD.

A ROBUST, portly, crack-brained person, so called, was well-known upon the streets of Edinburgh from thirty to sixty years ago. Though let loose upon the public, he was a gentleman by birth,—his name and title being more properly James Robertson, of Kincraigie, in Perthshire. He had been *out in the forty-five;* but was not attainted; though, upon that occasion, both his wits and his patrimony appear to have forsaken him.

It was during a confinement in the Tolbooth for his concern in the Rebellion, that he first exhibited symptoms of lunacy, in the extravagant entertainments which he gave to his visitors, and the deep healths which he drank to the Pretender. His insanity and harmlessness being made known to the higher powers, he was discharged from jail, with all his Jacobitism upon his head; soon after which event, his relations becoming equally convinced of his hallucination, he was *cognosced*—

that is, legally proved a madman, and his younger brother succeeded to his property, from which a small allowance was made for his support.

Strange to say, the poor laird was more mortified at being expelled from jail, than at being dispossessed of his estate. There was nothing he so anxiously desired, as to become a sufferer in the cause of conscience. Rather than put up with freedom and impunity, he would have endured death itself. He was tenderly attached to martyrdom. Even public whipping would have been better than nothing, and standing in the pillory a punishment by no means to be sneered at. Banishment and hanging had great charms, and disembowelling was a consummation devoutly to be wished; but to have been beheaded, like the Rebel lords—noble, royal decapitation!—that indeed would have been something worth while,—worth living for,—worth dying for! Alas, the poor laird was not to be indulged in any— even the gentlest — of these severities. He could not procure so much as a month's imprisonment at the hands of his Hanoverian foes. The Heart of Mid Lothian shut its iron doors

against him, and he found, that no outrage he could commit, availed in procuring the anxious wish of his heart—a re-instalment in the recesses of its stony bosom. He was like a cast-off lover, against whom the heart of his mistress is for ever barred. He felt quite disconsolate. It did not strike his foolish mind, that even though he were again confined, his sufferings would not be in the cause of loyalty, but on a much more trivial and dishonourable account. To be in jail was only identified in his mind with the darling idea of persecution; and there was nothing on earth he so much desired, as the pleasure of "laying *that* flattering unction to his soul."

He at length fell upon the expedient of runing in his landlady's debt, and threatening her with non-payment unless she would take out a caption in his favour! This she was glad to do, for the sake of her money; and the Laird once more enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of incarceration.* But he was not permitted to revel long

* The laird's conduct is not without its parallel in extravagance; for it is not many years since a poor debtor, who had been recently liberated by a despairing creditor from

in this voluptuous delusion. Two soldiers of the Town Guard one morning appeared before him, told him that the Court had met for his trial, and desired his company across the way to the Justiciary-Room. He was overjoyed with the idea of undergoing a trial for high treason, and willingly followed them down stairs. But what was his rage and surprise, when, instead of being conducted before judge and jury, the treacherous Rats quitted him at the outer door, and left him to the liberty which he so much abhorred!

He afterwards adopted a strange fancy, which proved the means of amusing him all the rest of his life. Having an ingenious turn for carving in wood, he used to employ himself in cutting out little busts of various public personages. These he stuck or screwed upon the end of a walking-cane, which, as he walked abroad, he bore over his head like a flag-staff, and exhibited

comfortable quarters in Cupar jail, gave the people of that town a great deal of trouble, by forcibly attempting *to break into prison again!* We are led from this to suspect that there are pleasures in prisons, which "none but *prisoners* know."

to his friends, for their amusement and admiration. The effigies of such persons as he was pleased to consider his enemies, were usually executed in a style of the most ridiculous caricature. The king, his ministers, and other great foes of the Stuart faction, were the principal objects of his satire; and the dignitaries of the city were also occasionally *taken off.* He had sometimes more than one head upon the stick at a time—such as a minister with his precentor below, or a lady and gentleman whose names might be associated in the mouth of scandal, or two sage and decorous personages, with the grinning face of a known idiot, such as Bailie Duff, planted ridiculously between. He had a change of figures every succeeding day. Indeed, it was currently reported, that he had a stick for every day in the year. Something new was expected from him every forenoon; and it was customary for people, on meeting him, to say, "Weel, laird, wha ha'e ye up the-day?" upon which, he would place his cane before their eyes, watch the emotions produced by his ingenuity, and, if requested, ex-

plain the meaning and design of the various figures. The father of our informant one day accosted the laird, with the usual question, when he found him have a double or Janus-like figure, which was thus explained, "This," said the madman, "is Brazen-faced Impudence (meaning the King), and this is Modesty (meaning the Chevalier) turnin' about, thinkin' shame." He was most frequently seen in the Grass-market, Lawn-market, Bow-head, and Castlehill. He resided in the latter street,—first door west of the *land* in which Provost Wightman of Mauldslie's free school is kept. He had a coarse, large-featured Scotish face, in which it was apparent that a great share of satirical humour and shrewd sense was debased and weakened by insanity. He wore a cocked Highland bonnet, and, in many respects, had the appearance of a substantial North-country farmer on a visit to the metropolis. He was handsome in person, and had great bodily strength.

He was very susceptible of pleasure from music —especially Jacobite airs. The person whose memory has been already quoted, was one even-

ing in company with him and another gentleman, at a tavern in the Luckenbooths. There was a flute in the room, which the former taking up and sounding, the laird requested to be favoured with a tune. Our informant complied, by playing the beautiful air, *Lewie Gordon;* upon hearing which, the laird rose up in a transport of delight, seized the musician round the waist, and embraced him most fervently; after which, kneeling down upon one knee, he took off his bonnet, and solemnly drank the health of Prince Charles Edward.

He was frequently seen in the lobby of the Parliament House, holding forth to advocates and writers, many of whom did not disdain, in those simple days, to stop and listen for a few minutes to his disloyal harangues. Indeed, his talk was very amusing; for, though weak-headed, he certainly had a knack of saying strong and witty things.

One morning, standing at the door of the Parliament House, he was saluted by the Hon. Henry Erskine, who inquired how he did, "Oh, very weel," quoth the laird, "but I'll tell ye

what, Mr Erskine, (pointing to one of the statues over the old porch of the Parliament House,)—tak' in *Justice* wi' ye—for she has stood lang i' the outside, and it wad be a treat for her to see the inside, like other strangers! "—

He was very kind to children, and used to keep a vast assortment of *tee-totums*, *peeries*, *&c.* of his own manufacture, in his pocket, for distribution among those whom he loved, or who were most respectful to him. By the children he was commonly called the *Laird o' Totums*. He was usually seen in the street, surrounded by a group of little pensioners, who regularly annoyed him for a *shinny ball*, or some such article, once every day in the world. He was equally liberal to adults, in the matter of tobacco and snuff, with which he was supplied in great quantities, at his brother's expense, by the Gillespies.

He died, after a crazed existence of nearly half a century, in July, 1790.

## MR ARCHIBALD MACCOUL.

Of all the eccentric personages who figured upon the High Street during the last century, few were better known than a Tobacconist, named *Archie* MacCoul, whose shop, in the front of the Royal Exchange, was much resorted to on account of the singular manners and wit of the occupant. Every thing he said or did was different from the sayings and doings of other people; and to all his other attractions he added the knack of making apt rhymes upon the passing occurrences of the day. He possessed the fortunate qualification of turning both his talents and eccentricities to account in business, and did not scruple to employ his vein of poetry, in the recommendation of his humble and familiar wares. He had the following spirited verses painted upon the front of a cannister:

> Tobacco's great virtues doth strangers unite,
> By snuffing, and chewing, and smoking a pipe;
> It's food and it's physic, and cheers you when dull,
> And the best sort is sold you by Archie Maccoul.

Archie had another office, besides the trade of a Tobacconist,—that of receiving the money at the door of the shilling-gallery in the Theatre Royal. He was the first that intimated to those in the Theatre, that the rioters of 1779 had set fire to the Roman Catholic Chapel in Chalmers's Close. This he did, by opening the door (during the performance), and saying, "Lads, they've set the Papish Chapel in a bleeze;" whereupon the house was instantly cleared of the whole audience, some of whom ran up to the top of the Calton Hill and there got a fine view of the conflagration.

## WILLIE-AND-THE-BOTTLE.

About seventy years ago, an eccentric personage known by the above name, was frequently seen on the streets of Edinburgh. He was then a man advanced in life, and was supposed to be somewhat insane. He carried under his arm a large bottle, which, when he saw a convenient opportunity, he would put down upon

the ground; and then, adjusting his thick hairy cap, which had a large hollow in the crown, he would set his head upon the top of the bottle and flinging up his nether extremities, stand thus inverted, clapping his hands, and gathering crowds of boys and idle people to see his exhibition. The boys huzzaed, and the bystanders gave him halfpence; after which he produced a parcel containing a large lot of "Peden's Prophecies," then a popular Scotish classic sold at one penny, and usually succeeded in getting a few disposed of. Willie, with the double assistance of the bottle and Mr Peden, made a good living in this manner for many years.

## CLAUDERO, *or* JAMES WILSON.

Edinburgh, which now smiles complacently upon the flippancies of her magazines and reviews, laughed outright sixty years ago at the coarse lampoons of her favourite poet and pamphleteer, Claudero. The distinct publications of this witty

and eccentric personage are well known to collectors; and his occasional pieces must be fresh in the remembrance of those who, forty or fifty years ago, were in the habit of perusing the Scots Magazine, amidst the general gravity of which they appeared, like the bright and giddy eyes of a satyr, staring through the sere leaves of a sober forest scene.

He was a native of a place called Cumbernauld, in Dumbartonshire, and at an early period of his life showed such marks of a mischief-loving disposition, as procured him the enmity of his duller and more decent fellow-villagers. The occasion of his lameness was a pebble thrown from a tree at the minister, who, having been previously exasperated by his tricks, chased him to the end of a closed lane, and with his cane inflicted such personal chastisement as rendered him a cripple, and a hater of the whole body of the clergy, all the rest of his life. He went with a crutch under one arm and a staff in the opposite hand; one withered leg swinging entirely free of the ground.

At what period of his life he came to reside in Edinburgh, we have not discovered. Some of

his poems are occasioned by circumstances which took place in the city so early as 1753, and he must have continued to dwell in the town till after 1788, his name appearing in Peter Williamson's Edinburgh Directory for that year. He lived by teaching a School, which he kept at the bottom of the High School Wynd * in the Cowgate. He was married and tyrannized over his wife, who was as complete a shrew as any poor poet could have been blessed with.

He was a satirist by profession; and when any person wished to have a squib played off upon his neighbours, he had nothing to do but call upon Claudero, who, for half-a-crown, would produce the desired effusion, composed, and copied off in a fair hand, in a given time. He liked this species of employment better than writing upon his own

* The celebrated John Aiken, commonly called *Jack the Painter*, who made himself so notorious during the American war, by his attempt to burn the dock-yard of Portsmouth, was a native of the High School Wynd, having been born in a low house, with wooden pillars in front, about half way down the east side. This unfortunate and talented individual was educated in Heriot's Hospital.

bottom, the profit being more certain and immediate. When in want of money, it was his custom to write a sly satire on some opulent public personage, upon whom he called with it, desiring to have his opinion of the work and his countenance in favour of a subscription for its publication. The object of his ridicule, conscience-struck by his own portrait, would wince and be civil, advise him to give up thoughts of publishing so crude a production, and conclude by offering a *douceur* of one or two guineas, to keep the poet alive till better times should come round. At that time there lived in Edinburgh a number of rich old men, who had made fortunes in no very honourable way, in public capacities, abroad, and whose characters, labouring under strange suspicions, were wonderfully susceptible of Claudero's satire. These the wag used to bleed profusely and frequently, by working upon their fears of public notice, to the improvement of his own finances, and the little injury of theirs. One person,* from his lameness popularly called *Clin-*

* He lived in a house at Kirkbrae-head, where he had

*chie* Arbuthnot, was the frequent object of this singular species of persecution.

In 1766, Claudero published a volume entitled "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, by Claudero, son of Nimrod the Mighty Hunter, &c., &c." We extract the Preface entire, as being worthy of preservation: "Christian Reader,—The following Miscellany is published at the desire of many gentlemen, who have all been my very good friends; if there be any thing in it amusing or entertaining, shall be very glad I have contributed to your diversion, and will laugh as heartily at your money, as you do at my works. Several of my pieces may need explanation; but I am too cunning for that; what is not understood, (like Presbyterian preaching) will at least be admired.—I am regardless of critics: perhaps some of my lines want a foot; but then, if the critic look sharp out, he will find that loss sufficiently supplied in other places, where they have a foot too much: and, besides, men's works gen-

a memorable clock, over the gateway at the end of the avenue,—one of the twelve apostles coming out to strike each hour.

erally resemble themselves; if the poems are lame so is the author, CLAUDERO."

The most remarkable poems in this volume are —" The Echo of the Royal Porch of the Palace of Holyrood-house, which fell under Military Execution, *anno* 1753,"—" the last Speech and Dying Words of the Cross,* which was hanged, drawn and quartered, on Monday the 15th of March 1756, for the horrid crime of being an incumbrance to the street,"—" Scotland in Tears for the horrid Treatment of the King's Sepulchres,"—An Elegy on the much lamented Death of Quaker Erskine,†"—" A Sermon on the Con-

* This ancient structure, which, in its time, had been wet with the best blood in Scotland, and witnessed many memorable scenes, was, after the erection of the Royal Exchange, considered *de trop* and therefore removed from the street. Early in the morning previous to its destruction, a party of jolly fellows issued from a neighbouring tavern, and having erected a table, with all appliances and means to boot, upon the platform above, solemnly drank its *dregie. See Scots Magazine, for the time.*

† A personage mentioned in a note at page 50. Of him Claudero says,

" Our souls with gospel he did cheer,
" Our bodies, too, with ale and beer,
" *Gratis* he gospel got and gave away,
" For ale and beer he only made us pay."

demnation of the Netherbow,"—Humphry Colquhoun's last Farewell," &c. Claudero seems to have been the only man of his time who remonstrated against the destruction of certain venerable edifices then removed from the streets which they ornamented, to the disappointment and indignation of all future antiquaries. There is much wit in his sermon upon the destruction of the Netherbow, and a few passages may amuse a new generation. " What was too hard for the great ones of the earth, yea even queens, to effect, is now accomplished. No patriot Duke opposeth the scheme, as did the great Argyll in the grand senate of our nation; therefore the project shall go into execution, and down shall Edina's lofty porches be hurled with a vengeance. Streets shall be extended to the east, regular and beautiful, as far as the Frigate Whins, and Portobello*

* This thriving and populous village originated in a cottage built, and long inhabited, by a retired seaman of Admiral Vernon's squadron, who gave it this name, in commemoration of the triumph which his commander there gained over the Spaniards in 1739. There must have been various houses at the spot in 1753, when we find one " George Hamilton, in Portobello," advertising in the Edinburgh Courant, that he would give a reward of three pounds to any

shall be a lodge for the captors of tea and brandy. The city shall be joined to Leith on the north, and a procession of wise masons shall there lay the foundations of a spacious harbour. Pequin or Nanquin shall not be able to compare with Edinburgh for magnificence. Our city shall be the greatest wonder of the world, and the fame of its glory shall reach the distant ends of the earth.*—But lament, O thou descendant of the royal Dane, and chief of the tribe of Wilson; for thy shop, contiguous to the porch, shall be dashed to pieces, and its place will know thee no more!—No more shall the melodious voice of the loyalist Grant† be heard in the morning, nor

one who should discover the author of a scandalous report, which represented him as harbouring robbers in his house. *N.B.* The waste upon which Portobello is now partly founded, was dreadfully infested at this time with robbers—and resorted to by smugglers. *See Courant for the time.*

* Claudero did not anticipate how many of these predictions would so soon come to pass.

† A celebrated and much esteemed fishing-rod maker, who afterwards flourished in the old *land* at the head of Blackfriars' Wynd. He survived to very recent times, and was distinguished for his adherence to the cocked hat, wrist-ruffles, and buckles of his youth. He was a short neat man, very well-bred, a great angler, intimate with the great, a

shall he any more shake the bending wand towards the triumphal arch. Let all who angle in deep waters lament, for Tom had not his equal.—The Netherbow Coffee-house of the loyal Smeiton can now no longer enjoy its ancient name with propriety; and from henceforth *The Revolution Coffee-House* shall its name be called.—Our gates must be extended wide for accommodating the gilded chariots, which, from the luxury of the age, are become numerous. With an impetuous career, they jostle against one another in our streets, and the unwary foot-passenger is in danger of being crushed to pieces. The loaded cart itself cannot withstand their fury, and the hideous yells of *Coal Johnie* resound through the vaulted sky. The sour-milk barrels are overturned, and deluges of Corstorphin cream run down our strands, while the poor unhappy milk-maid wrings her hands with sorrow."—To the sermon are appended the Last

Jacobite, and lived to near a century. He had fished in almost every trouting stream in the three kingdoms, and was seen skaiting on Lochend at the age of eighty-five. His fishing-rods are still esteemed of peculiar excellence and value.

Speech and Dying Words of the Netherbow, in which the following laughable declaration occurs: "May my Clock be struck dumb in the other world if I lie in this;* and may MACK, the reformer of Edina's lofty spires never bestride my weather-cock on high, if I deviate from truth in these my last words. Though my fabric shall be levelled with the dust of the earth, yet I fall in hope that my weather-cock shall be exalted on some more modern dome, where it shall shine like the burnished gold, reflecting the rays of the sun to the eyes of ages unborn. The daring Mack shall yet look down from my cock, high in the airy region, to the brandy shops below, where large grey-beards shall appear to him no bigger than mutchkin bottles, and mutchkin

* When the Netherbow Port was demolished, its clock did not retire from active life, but was translated to the spire of the Orphan Hospital under the North Bridge. This ancient measurer of time is evidently in its dotage, though that circumstance does not prevent it from generally evincing quite as *forward* a disposition as many younger clocks. Better however, let it remain, *maundering* and paralytic though it be, than change it for some brighter-faced and better-tempered juvenile, which never could acquire the fine associations which we must connect with the last relic of the Netherbow Port.

bottles shall be in his sight like the spark of a diamond. Many, alas! have been my crimes; but the greatest of all was, receiving the head of the brave Marquis of Montrose* from the hands of base dastardly miscreants! * * * * * "

We can only afford room for one of his versified compositions, "Humphry Colquhoun's† Farewell," which is remarkable as being the groundwork of that beautiful lyric by the Master-Spirit of the age, entitled "Mary," and sung in "the Pirate" by Claud Halcro, whose name and wayward poetical character were perhaps suggested by those of Claudero.

* The head of Montrose, according to Kirkton, was exposed on "the spike of the Tolbooth."

† We have made inquiry respecting this person, and were fortunate enough to meet with an ancient tradesman of the Parliament Square, who recollected having seen him. According to this octogenarian person, Humphry was a working goldsmith, and a very drunken fellow. His favourite landlady (perhaps the *Dido* of the poem) was Luckie Liviston in Bess Wynd. He did not keep a pocket in his clothes, as the rest of the world do, but, after receiving his wages on Saturday nights, was in the practice of taking the money away in his hand to Luckie Liviston's, where he sat for several days, still using his hand as a purse, till it was all spent. He then returned to work, and starved till next Saturday, when the same agreeable relaxation took place.

Farewell to Auld Reekie,
  Farewell to lewd Kate,
Farewell to each ——,
  And farewell to curs'd debt;
With light heart and thin breeches,
  Humph crosses the main,
All worn out to stitches,
  He'll ne'er come again.

Farewell to old Dido,
  Who sold him good ale;
Her charms, like her drink,
  For poor Humph were too stale;
Though closely she urg'd him,
  To marry and stay,
Her Trojan, quite cloy'd,
  From her sail'd away.

Farewell to James Campbell,
  Who play'd many tricks;
Humph's ghost and Lochmoidart's
  Will chase him to Styx,
Where in Charon's wherry,
  He'll be ferried o'er
To Pluto's dominions,
  'Mongst rascals great store.

Farewell, pot-companions,
  Farewell, all good fellows,
Farewell to my anvil,
  Files, plier, and bellows:
Sails fly to Jamaica,
  Where I mean long to dwell,
Change manners with climates,—
  Dear Drummond, farewell.

## PARLIAMENT-HOUSE WORTHIES.

Some of the mad litigants, who haunted the Parliament-House during the last century, deserve celebration.

Campbell of Laguine was perhaps longer at law than any man of modern times. He was a store-farmer in Caithness, and had immense tracts of land under lease. When he sold his wool, he put the price in his pocket, (no petty sum,) and came down to waste it at law. He paid every meal which he made at the inns on the road *double*, that he might have a *gratis* meal on his return, knowing he would not bring a cross away in his pocket from the courts of justice. Laguine's figure was very extraordinary. His legs were like a circumflex, or rather two circumflexes, both curving outward in the same direction; so that, relative to his body, they took the direction of the blade of a reaping-hook, supposing the trunk of his person to be the handle. These ex-

traordinary legs were always attired in Highland trews, as his body was generally in a grey or tartan jacket, with a bonnet on his head;—and duly appeared he at the door of the Parliament-House, bearing a large tin case, containing a plan of his farms, and which was far larger than himself. He feed his lawyers highly, but took up a great deal of their time. One gentleman, now high in official situation, observed him coming up to ring his bell, and, not wishing that he himself should throw away his time, or Laguine his fee, directed that he should be denied. Laguine, however, made his way to the lady of the learned counsel, and, sitting down in the drawing-room, went at great lengths into the merits of his cause, and exhibited his plans; and when he had expatiated for a couple of hours, he departed, but not without leaving a handsome fee, observing, that he had as much satisfaction as if he had seen the learned counsel himself. He once told a legal friend of ours, that his laird and he were nearly agreed now—there was only about *ten miles of country* contested betwixt them! Although thus completely possessed by an incar-

nate devil of litigation, Laguine was in other respects a shrewd, sensible man. He was one of the first who introduced sheep-farming in Rossshire and Caithness, where he had farms as large as some whole Lowland or English counties; and he had the opportunity of making much money. He was also, as we have heard, a worthy and honourable man.

The Heckler was another Parliament-House worthy. Being mad, he required but little sleep. He therefore wrought the whole night at his trade—then put on a black suit—curled his hair behind, and powdered it, so as to resemble a clergyman—and came forth to attend to the great business of the day at the Parliament-House. He imagined that he was deputed by Divine Providence as a sort of Controller of the Court of Session: But, as if that had not been sufficient, he thought the charge of the General Assembly was also committed to him, (an unpardonable plurality;) and he used to complain that that venerable body was " much worse to

keep in good order" than the lawyers. He was a little, smart, well-brushed, neat-looking man, and used to talk to himself, smile, and nod, with much vivacity—but, for a madman, was very much matter-of-fact, and had little fancy. His appearance was so plausible, that at one time he imposed upon Dr Blair* for a clergyman, and, it

* It is not generally known, and was never told in print, that the publication of Dr Blair's elegant "Lectures" was urged and determined by an unprincipled action on the part of the celebrated *Claudero*, who procured the notes taken down by a student, and threatened to publish them. Dr Blair mentions, in his preface, that he was induced to lay these compositions before the world, on account of some surreptitious and incorrect copies circulated by his pupils, and which they threatened to publish; but no one ever thought of Claudero—the miserable scribbler of doggrels—as the instrument by which this valuable publication was decided. Claudero occasionally dealt in whitewash as well as blackball, and sometimes wrote regular panegyricks. An address of this sort to Walter Fergusson, W. S., who built James's Square, concludes thus:—

May Pentland-Hills pour forth their springs,
To water all thy square!
May Fergussons still bliss the place,
Both gay and debonair!

When the said square was in progress, however, the water seemed in no hurry to obey the bard's invocation; and it was attempted to procure this useful element by sinking

is said, offered his assistance in the High Church, was accepted, and only recognised when about to mount the pulpit. He lived in the Potter-row. Some idle boys about the Parliament-House, where he was a constant attendant, persuaded him, that as he held two such dignified offices as his imagination shaped out, there must be some salary attached to them, payable, like others upon the establishment, in the Exchequer. This very nearly brought about a serious catastrophe; for the poor madman, finding his applications slighted at the Exchequer, came there one day with a pistol heavily loaded, to shoot Mr Baird, a very worthy man, an officer of that Court. This occasioned the Heckler being confined in durance vile

wells, in despite of the elevation of the ground. Mr Walter Scott, father of Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, happened one day to pass, when Captain Fergusson of the Royal Navy—a good officer, but a sort of Commodore Trunnion in his manners—was sinking a well of vast depth. Upon Mr Scott expressing a doubt if water could be got there—"I will get it," quoth the Captain, "though I sink to *hell* for it!"—"A bad place for water," was the dry remark of the doubter;—a joke which has since been erroneously ascribed to Dr Webster, who, habit and repute a wit, made too many himself to borrow those of others.

for a long time, though, we think, he was at length emancipated.*

Other insane fishers in the troubled waters of the law, were the following:—

Macduff of Ballenloan, who had two cases before the Court at once. His success in the one depended upon his showing that he had capacity

* We have heard this story told another way. Some youngsters about the Parliament-House (of whom, by the bye, there are numerous worthy representatives at the present time) persuaded the *Heckler* that there was a presentation to a church-living lying for him in the Exchequer. He immediately made application for his commission, and was encouraged to persevere in calling for it by the clerks, who were amused with his absurdities, and cared not how often he was disappointed. Becoming at length clamorous, he was sharply commanded by Mr Alexander Calder, one of the clerks in the Deputy Lord-Treasurer Remembrancer's Office, to go away, and never trouble them again: Whereupon the Heckler, indignant at the insult offered to a person of his consequence, provided himself with a large knife, and was with great difficulty prevented from executing vengeance upon the body of the offender. The discrepancy of these statements is a notable specimen of the distracting contradictions which we have often met with in the traditionary recollections of our informants, and should dispose the reader to excuse the slight occasional errors which we have fallen into in the course of these pages.

to manage his own affairs;—and in the other, upon his proving himself incapable of doing so. He used to complain, with some apparent reason, that he lost them both!

Andrew Nicol, who was at law thirty years about a *midden-stead*.* This person was a native of Kinross, which anciently formed part of the litigious kingdom of Fife, where, thirty years ago, it was considered disgraceful not to have a law-suit or two upon one's hands. He was a sensible-looking country man, with a large flat blue bonnet, in which guise Kay has a very good portrait of him, displaying, with chuckling pride, a plan of his precious midden-stead. He used to frequent the Register-House as well as the courts of law, and was encouraged in his foolish pursuits by the roguish clerks of that establishment, by whom he was denominated *Muck Andrew*, in allusion to the object of his litigation. This wretched being, after losing both *name* and fame, health and wealth, in following a valueless phan-

* Situation for a dung-hill.

tom, died at last (1817,) in Cupar jail, where he was placed by one of his legal creditors.

Peter Peebles, a tradesman of Linlithgow, who went completely mad in the course of a ruinous suit, and never afterwards could get himself extricated from the toils of the law. He used to tell his friends, that he had at present thirteen causes in hand, but was only going to "muve in" seven of them this session. He usually left Linlithgow at night, when other people were going to bed, and came to Edinburgh about four o'clock in the morning. He then went about the town, ringing the bells of the principal Advocates, and desiring to have a consultation with them upon business of importance, which could upon no account be put off till day-time—to the infinite annoyance of many a drowsy serving-wench, and no less of the Town-guard, into whose hands he generally fell.

He was a tall thin slouching man, with blue *rig-and-fur* stockings, a broad-tailed old coat, and a hat rendered imperishable by grease. He was upon the poor's roll, and used to torment the

whole world of Linlithgow with his litigious quarrelsome disposition. He had a small house, before which, if a neighbour did throw so much as a jug-full of cold water, he would come out, like Giant Despair from Doubting Castle in the Pilgrim's Progress, and storm and threaten the aggressors with all the terrors of the law, which, it must be observed, had a terrible aspect to the offenders, as they had to pay their own expenses, while to him, who sued *in forma pauperis*, its services were quite gratuitous.*

## SINGING JAMIE B——R.

This remarkable personage was a man of respectable appearance, and had all the manners of a gentleman of the old school. He was, by profession, an accountant; but was more noted as a

* In former times, there was a tavern, close to the entry of the Parliament-House, having upon its sign the admonitory rubric—"*Tak a pint and gree*"—one of those captivating jokes which might tempt an anchorite or a madman to social conviviality, and which nothing but the demon of a law-possessed brain could, we think, easily resist.

great singer—a great drinker—a great Jacobite—and a great golfer. Indeed, his convivial habits almost completely unfitted him for business; and it was a matter of surprise to some of his acquaintance, how he contrived to live. Yet live he did, and drink, and sing, and make merry, to the last,—when no less was the surprise of his friends, upon finding that he left some money!

Jamie, by his charming vocal powers, was more influential among the Jacobites, and more formidable to the Whigs, than the pious eloquence of the whole bench of Bishops. It was impossible to hear him sing "The German Lairdie"—"Over the Water to Charlie"—or even "The Sow's Tail to Geordie," without becoming for the moment a Jacobite. Our informant, an old non-juring acquaintance of the deceased, says, with an expressive shake of the head, that these celebrated, though *(olim)* somewhat treasonous ditties, were the only songs he ever heard that were worth listening to, and Jamie B——r was the only man worthy of singing them!

One of Jamie's greatest *howffs* was "*Jenny Ha's*," in the Canongate, opposite Queensberry

House—afterwards to be more particularly noticed. Here his melodious voice often roused the echoes; for this place was the constant resort of the Jacobites, and even of the Episcopal bishops and clergymen, who made it a scene of singular and most zealous jollity. They drank nothing but *cappie-ale* and Jacobite toasts. The ale was presented in *quaichs* or *caups*, (wooden vessels,)—whence the appropriate phrase "*cappie all!*" Respecting the ale, however, we would think it foul shame to forget, that, what with their *wee sichts* and *wee thochts* of correction, the third of it was brandy!

Although Jamie imitated his worthy predecessor, Falstaff, in never being in a tavern oftener than "thrice in a quarter of an hour," he was a methodical, and even economical drinker. He was one of your regular drinkers, who can calculate a reckoning to a fraction, and never leave more than a halfpenny under the candlestick to the waiter. Those persons, who only look at the sum-total of a bill, give silver to the waiter, and are sweet to the landlady on going out,—are green-

horns in drinking, and, for all their liberality, by no means the landlady's best friends. The rough, gruff old characters, who quarrel with and criticise the liquor, and no less quarrel with and criticise the bill—who pay little respect to their hostess, and take back even the change of a penny in their settlements—are the only true friends to the pot-house. Of this sort was Jamie B——r, who, being an accountant, might be too well aware of what many small sums come to in the aggregate, to be profuse in his expenditure. And, in truth, though Jamie could never be said to be distinctly sober, neither was he ever altogether drunk, but just existed in that crepuscular state of blessedness, by which the mind is, as it were, gilded with a perpetual Aurora, neither receding decidedly into darkness, nor yet ever freshening into clear and perfect light.

It was a remarkable thing of Jamie, that whenever he heard a cork drawn, which gave a good report in leaving the bottle, without heeding what the liquor was, he would say—"Lassie, gi'e me a glass o' *that*!"—knowing that it was sure to be good of its kind, whatever that kind was.

Jamie was so distinguished a golfer, and so great a favourite with golfers, that there is a portrait of him in the Leith Golfer's Hall, representing him, it is believed, in the act of singing "The Sow's Tail to Geordie."

In his day, he had been secretary to many societies and clubs of equivocal respectability—among others, to the Society of *Cadies*, who, he used to say, were the best payers and the *genteelest* clients he ever had!

## ALLAN RAMSAY

Of this celebrated poet, who died nearly seventy years ago, we are fortunately enabled to preserve some characteristic traits, with which we have been favoured by a venerable lady, who knew him intimately for the last ten years of his life.

According to our informant, Allan Ramsay was the most amiable man she ever knew. He was always cheerful; and had so lively and agreeable a power in conversation, that he was

the darling of the great, in whose company he frequently was. He was very fond of children, and encouraged his daughters in bringing great troops of young ladies about the house, in whose sports he would mix with a degree of patience and good-humour altogether wonderful for an old man. He gave them a ball once a-year, which was attended by many young ladies. So kind was he to his children, and to their companions, that he made dolls for them, and cradles for the said dolls, with his own hands. This was at the period when he had retired from business, and lived in the house in the Castlehill, which people said resembled a goose-pie, till his son made some architectural improvement, which spoilt the resemblance. He was of middling, or rather low stature, somewhat corpulent, and wore a wig.* His daughter Christian, who lived in New Street, and died at an advanced age about the beginning of this century, was very clever, and wrote poetry and plays, none of which were

* In the Minute-book of the Society of the Constables of Edinburgh, we find "Allan Ramsay, wig-maker," elected in 1716, and "Allan Ramsay, stationer," in 1736.

ever published. She was enthusiastically and devotedly fond of cats, of which she kept a great number in her own house; and, as if that was not enough, she also in a manner supported all the neighbouring cats far and near, by laying out meat for them at night upon the stair and the roof. She kept her own cats in large band-boxes, which had doors to go out and in at. So attached was she to the interests of this equivocal and somewhat defamed race, that she could not bear to hear a single word of scandal or obloquy spoken of them; and once, when some of her young nephews, by way of playing upon her, went and told her a tremendous story about a cat of her acquaintance in the New Town, which they said had bit a gentleman's nose off, she engaged herself in a warm defence of its conduct, and, by dint of serious argument, proved that the gentleman must have been the aggressor;—" for cats, poor creatures," said she, " are naturally quite harmless and inoffensive, though I'se warrant they ken when they're ill-guided (abused) as well as other fouk!" All this proceeded from a degree of good-nature and generosity of dispo-

sition in the good old maiden-lady, amounting to absolute weakness. She used to send down penny-rolls to all the starved-looking coal-horses which she saw passing in the street; and grieved are we to add, that most of her presents, being committed to the care of the insatiable and unprincipled *Johnnie* himself, never reached their proper destination. Indeed, the proportion of bullets which do execution in a battle (supposed to be one in sixty) was not so little as that of Miss Ramsay's rolls; for the carters either intercepted the donations altogether, or exacted so vast a commission for the trouble of administration, that the purposes of her generosity were almost completely defeated.

## LORD KIRKCUDBRIGHT.

This Peer,* a remarkable instance of greatness in the shades, was a glover in Edinburgh, and for many years stood in the lobby of the As-

* He only *assumed* this title in 1730, upon the death of a distant relation, whose title was also not allowed in the

sembly Room in the Old Town (previous to the middle of the last century), selling gloves to the

House of Peers; and, though he voted at several elections of Scotish Representative Peers, it was only to his son, the late John, seventh Lord Kirkcudbright, that the title was legally restored and confirmed, in the year 1773. Nevertheless, the pretensions of the above gentleman were sufficiently distinct, though the branch of this generally reduced family from which he was descended had, like many other good Scotish gentlemen, been obliged to descend to trade—a course which implies no disgrace, as is especially indicated in the following admirable passage in the "Fortunes of Nigel."—"You, my liege subjects of England, may weel take a hint from what we have said, and not be in such a hurry to laugh at our Scotish pedigrees, though they be somewhat long derived, and difficult to be deduced. Ye see that a man of right gentle blood may, for a season, lay by his gentry, and yet ken whare to find it, when he has occasion for it. It would be as unseemly for a packman, or pedlar, as ye call a travelling-merchant, whilk is a trade to which our native subjects of Scotland are specially addicted, to be blazing his genealogy in the faces of those to whom he sells a bawbee's worth of ribband, as it would be to him to have a beaver on his head, and a rapier by his side, when the pack was on his shoulders. Na, na—he hings his sword on the cleek, lays his beaver on the shelf, puts his pedigree into his pocket, and gangs as doucely and cannily about his pedling craft as if his blood was nae better than ditch-water; but let our pedlar be transformed, as I have kenned it happen mair than ance, into a bein thriving merchant, then ye shall have a transformation, my lords,

'In novas fert animus mutatas dicere formas.'

Out he pulls his pedigree, on he buckles his sword, gives his beaver a brush, and cocks it in the face of all creation."

gentlemen frequenting that place of amusement, who, in the strict days of Miss Nicky Murray, required to have a new pair every time they went to dance. His Lordship was never absent from this post upon any occasion excepting that of Peers' Elections, (which concluded with a ball,) when, reversing the freemason's song,

> " Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,
> " Have laid by their swords,"

he did then only assume that badge of a gentleman, lay aside his apron, and become one of the company, the most of whom he usually served all the rest of the year with gloves. Goldsmith, in a letter from Edinburgh, unjustly sneers at the Scotish nobility in general, in some such style as this:—" One day, happening to slip into Lord Kilcobry's—don't be surprised—his Lordship is only a glover!"

We shall make no apology for here presenting some anecdotes and account of the Assemblies which Lord Kirkcudbright attended in this humble capacity.—The room in the *(now Commercial Bank) Close* on the south side of the

High Street, as the aged lady quoted in the preceding article informs us, was entered by a passage *flush* or level with the pavement, in which the chairs were disburdened of the company. There was a tea-room in the flat above the dancing-room, which had a railed space in the centre, within which the dancers were arranged, while the spectators sat around on the outside; and no communication was allowed between the different sides of this sacred pale. The Lady-Directress had a high chair or throne at one end. Before Miss Nicky Murray, Lady Elliot of Minto and Mrs Brown of Coalstoun, wives of the Judges, had exercised this lofty authority, which was thought honourable on account of the charitable object of the Assemblies. The laws respecting partners were curious, and very strict. The gentlemen had to settle with a partner for the year, and were upon no account permitted to change, even for a single night. It was *toujours perdrix* with respect to partners in those days. The appointment of partners took place at the beginning of the season, usually at some private

party or ball, given by a person of distinction, where the fans of the ladies were all put into a gentleman's cocked hat;—the gentlemen put in their hands, and took a fan;—and to whomsoever the fan belonged—that was to be his partner for the season. In the general rigours of this system, which sometimes produced ludicrous combinations, there was, however, one palliative—namely, the fans being all distinguishable from each other, and the gentlemen being in general as well acquainted with the fan as the face of his mistress, and the hat being open, it was possible to peep in, and exercise, to a certain extent, a principle of selection, whereby he was perhaps successful in procuring an appointment to his mind. All this is spiritedly given in Sir Alexander Boswell's Poem, entitled "Edinburgh, or the Ancient Royalty."

> Then were the days of modesty of mein!
> Stays for the fat, and quilting for the lean.
> The ribboned stomacher, in many a plait,
> Upheld the chest, and dignified the gait;
> Some Venus, brightest planet of the train,
> Moved in a lutestring *halo*, propped with cane.
> Then the *Assembly Close* received the fair;—
> Order and elegance presided there;—

Each gay Right Honourable had her place,
To walk a minuet with becoming grace.
No racing to the dance, with rival hurry—
Such was thy sway, O famed Miss Nicky Murray!
Each lady's fan a chosen Damon bore,
With care selected many a day before;
For, unprovided with a favourite beau,
The nymph, chagrined, the ball must needs forego;
But, previous matters to her taste arranged,
*Certes*, the constant couple never changed;
Through a long night, to watch fair Delia's will,
The same dull swain was at her elbow still.

A little before Miss Nicky's time, it was customary for gentlemen to walk alongside the chairs of their partners, with their swords by their sides, and so escort them home—and this maugre and despite of all the sky-showers and *land*-showers, which might be poured down upon them at the pleasure of the powers above. They called next afternoon upon their Dulcineas, to enquire how they were, and drink tea. The fashionable time for seeing company, in those days, was the evening, when people were all abroad upon the street, as in the forenoon now, making calls, and *shopping*. The beaux never saw their mistresses at any other meal than tea; and, amongst their other soft things, might have said, with Gallus,

in Virgil, by way of compliment at once to the mistresses of their hearts, and the food served out to them—

"Hic ——— *te*cum consumerer ævo!"

The people who attended the assemblies, at the early period we speak of, were what is called very *select*—that is, they were all people of distinction and character, and perfectly unconnected with trade. Moreover, they were all known to each other; and no stranger was ever introduced who was not fit for the society and companionship of all present. Miss Nicky was as sensitively indignant at the approach of any person beneath the required standard of rank, wealth, and character, as Queen Elizabeth is said to have been at any smell* in the slightest degree equivocal.

* Queen Elizabeth was remarkable for the extraordinary acuteness of her olfactory sensations—which is alluded to in the romance of "Kenilworth." One of the rare pamphleteers of her own time relates, that some dispatches from Scotland reaching her Majesty when airing in her coach, her minister Cecil, who was with her, and had some secret interest in the packages, which made him anxious to *prepare* them for the Queen's eye, persuaded her not to open them, for fear of the *smell* which the disclosure might produce.

Upon one occasion, seeing a person at an assembly who was born in a low situation, and raised by wealth acquired in some mechanical profession, the haughty old dame, without paying the least deference to a fine laced coat, walked up to him—taxed him with presumption for coming there—and fairly turned him out of the room. The person so treated was, we believe, Mr Walter Orrock, a son of Orrock of Orrock, the representative of a very ancient but inconsiderable family in Fife. He was bred a shoemaker, and attained to some civic distinction, and even to wealth, in that calling; whereupon, feeling inclined to shine out in his native colours, he attempted to get admission to the Assembly, but was repulsed by its gorgon directress. He is said to have been so mortified at this treatment, as finally to renounce his allegiance to King Crispianus; but his after-life was unfortunate; and, after many vicissitudes, he died, while supported by the bounty of his daughters, who were mantua-makers in Edinburgh. Walter Orrock, being a scion of an old and poor family, was of course a Jacobite; and his name is found mentioned in the proceedings of

the Town-Council in the year 1745.* The Misses Murray, being accounted very noble and very decorous ladies, were entrusted with the charge of many young ladies of family, whom they instructed in the *formulæ* of good breeding—inducted into fashionable society—and exhibited at Assemblies. Assuredly, the windows of the third flat of *Smith's Land*,† at which these beautiful and noble crea-

* P. S.—He was then deacon of the shoemakers, and was the person who opened and read to the assemblage of the citizens, in the New Church Aisle, the letter of Prince Charles Edward, requiring the surrender of the Town.

† One of the shops in the *ground-flat* of this fine old *land* has been, for nearly a century past, occupied by the firm now represented by Mr Alexander Henderson, (Lord Provost of Edinburgh, *annis* 1824-5,) which is perhaps the oldest mercantile concern at present existing in this city. The portion of the edifice which was formerly tenanted by the Hon. Misses Murray, now bears the *sign* of "Jn° Notman, Slater." Behind the house are the once aristocratic purlieus of *Bailie Fife's Close*, where, in houses formerly occupied by the great and good, we now find—"Dinners from 2 to 4,"—and "Porter from the Butt," with the ineffable placards of midwives and makers of grave-clothes. The following is an advertisement in the Edinburgh Gazette for 1704:—"That upon Wednesday next, being the 22d day of November, there will be a public concert, consisting of variety of musick, there not being another for several weeks. The said concert will begin precisely at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, at Mr Badham's house, in Bailie Fife's Close, over against the head of Black-freir Wynd. Price half a dollar. Tickets to be had at M'Lurg's Coffee-house."

tures often appeared—perhaps watering the lillies upon the outside with hands fairer than the flowers they tended—were in their day windows of heart-stirring interest to many a thousand humble beaux upon the street, whose eyes might devoutly wander upward, while they sighed to think of the hopeless height and distance of the fair objects, and the strictly guarded family-circle within which they were unapproachably secured.

## HUGO ARNOT, ESQ.

This gentleman was well-known, between forty and fifty years ago, for his singular person, eccentric habits, and wild opinions. He was a native of Fife, where he had an estate; and he became an Advocate in the year 1772.

Mr Arnot was extremely tall, and at the same time very slender, while, his extremities being of the usual size, he somewhat resembled a roll of dough drawn out by the ends, till the centre is attenuated almost to breaking. As he moved about the streets, his tall, small, dark figure, might have

reminded a fanciful observer of the shadow of a steeple gliding along a sunny mountain-side at eve. Kay, the ingenious limner, has several portraits of him, in one of which he is ironically represented in the act of giving alms to *Gingebread Willie*, a lame beggar, who then haunted the entry to the Parliament Square, and whom Mr Arnot, a noted enemy to beggars, was of course known to have never once in his life relieved.

About the year 1762, he lived in a house at the head of the Canongate, where, having some friends at breakfast one Sunday morning, he was found involved in the greatest distress, on account of his washerwoman having neglected to send home his linen the preceding evening. After breakfast, when he wished to walk forth to the Castle-Hill, (then a fashionable promenade,) in order to pay his respects to the Honourable Miss Hay, daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale, with whom, it appears, he was in love, his rage and vexation at the negligence of his laundry-woman knew no bounds. However, rather than lose the opportunity of seeing his mistress, he at length fell upon the expedient of adapting the

hand-ruffles of one old shirt to the collar and breast-ruffles of another, out of the fag-end of his wardrobe, so as to make up one whole *chemise* of decent appearance; and, thus rigged out, he walked forth, accompanied by his friends; and, meeting Miss Hay upon the Castle-Hill *between sermons*, accosted her, gallanted her about, and made as good a show in her eyes as if his laundress had been more faithful to her trust; though his companions found no little amusement in secretly imagining what the beautiful young lady's thoughts of him would have been, had she known the difficulties he had that morning encountered in rendering himself an acceptable object in her eyes.

Mr Arnot continued unmarried till an advanced period of his life, and permitted his mind to luxuriate in all the absurd eccentricities which usually deform the finest characters over which women do not extend their useful and humanizing control. He lived at one time in a house in South St Andrew's Street, (upon the south side of the entry to the Mews Lane,) while the flat above was occupied by an old maiden-lady, whose habits were as *particular* in their way as his own. It

was Mr Arnot's custom to ring his bell in a very violent manner, much to the annoyance of his retired and delicate neighbour, who expostulated by daily messages and cards, that were equally

"Importunate and vain."

Upon one occasion, when very ill, she sent down a most moving complaint, imploring the philosopher for God's sake to desist from ringing his bell, at least for that day, as otherwise she must inevitably die. Quite unmoved, however, by this appeal to his humanity, which he believed to proceed from the fantastic querulousness of the old lady, he summoned the attendance of his servant by firing off a pistol, which so alarmed the invalid, that she was glad to countermand her message, and get the lesser torment of the bell re-established.

Mr Arnot professed openly to be an atheist, and held the ordinances of religion in such contempt, that whenever he had a child baptized, he used to put an instrument into the hands of a notary-public, stating, that he condescended to have recourse to this ceremony only out of respect to

the customs of the country. He wrote a sceptical work, entitled " An Essay on Nothing," which he very properly dedicated to Oblivion. Oblivion seems to have silently accepted the offering.

In allusion to his irregular habits of life, and indecent style of language, and, at the same time, ridiculing his wretched figure, the Honourable Henry Erskine wrote the following epigram, which is not bad :

> The Scriptures assure us that much is forgiven
> To *flesh* and to *blood*, by the mercy of Heaven ;
> But I've searched the whole Scriptures, and texts can find none
> That extend this assurance to *skin* and to *bone* !*

* When the witty author of this epigram was extruded from his office of *Dean of Faculty*, in 1795, on account of his heading some irregular meetings in the Circus, (now the Caledonian Theatre,) where he had spoken disrespectfully of that body, there was an equally good epigram composed upon himself, in the form of a dialogue between the late Lord Newton and the present Lord Eldin, then Advocates :---

> Says Hay to Cape Wrath---" How dismal the story,
> " To take off our Dean in the dawn of his glory !"
> Says Cape Wrath to Hay---" That never need irk us,
> " For he took the whole Faculty off at the Circus !"

Mr Erskine is said to have been so violently offended at this disgrace, that, upon the night when notice of the measure was intimated to him, he took a coal-axe, and hewed off from his street-door the brazen plate upon which his name, with the phrase " Dean of Faculty," was engraved.

Though a very spare man in appearance, Mr Arnot was a great *gourmand*, and ate nothing but the nicest or most substantial food. He was devotedly fond of beef-steaks; and one of the motives which determined him to marry his cook, (who had been his mistress,) is said to have been his desire of securing her services more permanently to himself, as she had a remarkable talent for preparing that dish. Upon making this gifted individual his wife, he took to pieces all her former education, and constructed it anew after his own fashion; and it is said that he succeeded in making her as irreligious as himself. We have also heard, that it was very amusing to hear this affected woman, when promoted to the head of the table, at which the celebrated David Hume, Mr Walter Ross, and other distinguished free-thinkers, sometimes dined, disgust these personages, by using the expression "We atheists," and burlesquing the doctrines and sentiments which they gave out in conversation, by her vulgar and *mal-apropos* commentaries.

Mr Walter Ross, whom we have just mentioned, is said to have died in a fit of laughter of

several days' continuance. He lived in a house near Stockbridge, afterwards remarkable as the residence of the talented and no less amiable Sir Henry Raeburn. In the neighbourhood of the house, Mr Ross also erected a sort of tower, of stones which he procured from various old buildings, some of which were very remarkable. Both buildings, which were once considered in excellent taste, are now destroyed. He had four of the sculptured and grotesque heads which formerly adorned the eight corners of the Cross of Edinburgh. These he is said to have procured in a very strange manner. Upon the demolition of the Cross, he applied to the Magistrates for permission to take away the common stones wherewith the Cross was built, and, obtaining that without any difficulty, sent a cart, at an early hour in the morning, before the workmen were stirring, in which he transported not only the rubbish, but (what was "*not* in the bond") part of the sculptured stones beside, none of which were ever reclaimed.—After he had finished and enclosed his pleasure-grounds at Stockbridge, he found himself much annoyed by night-

ly depredators, who constantly eluded his vigilance. He advertised—"Spring-guns and Mantraps within these Enclosures;" but without effect; for nobody would believe him! At last he fell upon a most ingenious expedient, which completely put an end to the system of robbery which was nightly practised upon him. Procuring an odd human leg from the Royal Infirmary, he had it dressed up in a stocking, shoe, and buckle, and sent it through the town by the town-cryer, who exhibited it aloft in public view, and, proclaiming that it had been found last night in Mr Walter Ross's policy at Stockbridge, offered to restore it to the disconsolate owner! After this, no one ever attempted to break into his grounds again.—Mr Ross belonged to a set of gentlemen who, at that time, rendered infidelity fashionable by their practice and their writings. Though wonderful, it is quite true, that many young men of rank and learning, who had never taken any time to examine the truth of the doctrines most conducive to happiness both here and hereafter, were dazzled by the illustrious examples of Hume and others, and imagined them-

to the original authority, in the House of Commons, by some member who was animadverting upon sinecures. While the author was absent from Edinburgh, upon one of his southern rambles, (for he wandered far and wide,) a report arose in Edinburgh, that he had murdered a female of bad fame, who disappeared in an unaccountable manner, about the time *Young-Lambs-to-Sell* had left the town. When he next came back, and was made acquainted with this calumnious accusation, he was much surprised, but did not blench from the scrutiny of the public eye. On the contrary, he appeared boldly upon the streets, with his flock of glittering types of innocence, and only altered his cry to the following effect:—

> Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell,
> A penny a-piece, young lambs to sell!
> Had I killed a woman, as some do tell,
> I wadna been here wi' young lambs to sell!

He sometimes varied his rhymes, upon more trivial occasions.

# THE COURT OF SESSION GARLAND,

BY JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

TUNE—"*Logan Water.*"

This Jeu d'esprit, which, though already in print, cannot be considered as published, was written between the years 1771 and 1774. The date could not have been more nearly ascertained, than between 1767 and 1774; as all the Judges who are mentioned in its verses sat together upon the Bench, without any change in their body during that singularly long period—had it not been denoted by an allusion to a circumstance in the life of Lord Monboddo, that it must have been composed at a period subsequent to 1771. It is said to be the history of a case which actually came under the notice of the Court, and it may be considered valuable as a popular record of the former style and proceedings of this Judicature, now both so much changed. It is said that Mr John Maclaurin, son of the eminent Colin Maclaurin, and himself a man of no ordinary abilities, and afterwards a Judge under the title of Lord Dreghorn, had a share in the composition of the Garland. *Certes*, he was extremely fond of the Poem, and used to sing it frequently in the slow, drawling, *naif* style, which added so much to its value in the estimation of a last-century hearer. The characteristic notices which it contains, respecting many men whose names will not soon be forgotten, at least in Scotland, have induced us to admit it into this department of our work; and we have added a few Notes, and an Appendix, which will be found to contain some amusing information.

PART FIRST.

The bill charged on was payable at sight,
And decree was craved by Alexander Wight ;*
But, because it bore a penalty in case of failzie,
It therefore was null, contended Willie Baillie.†

The Ordinary, not chusing to judge it at random,
Did with the minutes make *avisandum ;*
And, as the pleadings were vague and windy,
His Lordship ordered Memorials *hinc inde.*

* Author of the celebrated Treatise on Election Laws, and an intimate bottle-companion of Mr Crosbie. He was one of the earliest settlers in the New Town, where he built one of the houses on the south side of St Andrew's Square. It is said, that though he had thus left the Old Town, he still retained a great predilection for it, and chose the situation of his new residence with a view to having the ancient part of the city still within his sight, and especially St Giles' steeple and clock, which had for many centuries directed the motions of his legal predecessors. In order to prevent the intermediate line of Prince's Street from interrupting his beloved prospect, he purchased the feu of the ground which immediately intervened, and had that house (No. 40, Prince's Street,) now partly occupied by Messrs Caverhill and Co. erected upon it, with a flat and low roof.

† Afterwards Lord Polkemmet.

We, setting a stout heart to a stay brae,
Took into the cause Mr David Rae.*
Lord Auchinleck,† however, repelled our defence,
And, over and above, decerned for expense.

However, of our cause not being ashamed,
Unto the whole Lords we straightway reclaimed;
And our Petition was appointed to be seen,
Because it was drawn by Robbie Macqueen.‡

The Answer by Lockhart¶ himself it was wrote,
And in it no argument nor fact was forgot:—
He is the lawyer that from no cause will flinch,
And on this occasion divided the Bench.

* Afterwards Lord Eskgrove and Lord Justice Clerk. He was the son of a nonjuring clergyman, and father of the present Sir William Rae, Lord Advocate.

† Alexander Boswell, Esq. of Auchinleck, the author's father,—appointed 1754—died 1782.—This gentleman was a precise old Pesbyterian, and therefore the most opposite creature in the world to his son, who was a liberal in every thing, and an Episcopalian.

‡ Afterwards Lord Braxfield—appointed 1776—died 1800, while holding the office of Lord Justice Clerk.

¶ Alexander Lockhart, Esq., afterwards Lord Covington, one of the ablest lawyers of his time,—appointed 1774—died 1782. The following anecdote of his Lordship places his character in a very high light. (*See Appendix, No. I.*)

Alemore* the judgment as illegal blames,
" 'Tis equity, you bitch, " replies my Lord
Kames.†
" This cause," cries Hailes,‡ to judge I can't
" pretend,
" For, *justice*, I perceive, wants an *e* at the
" end."

* Thomas Pringle, Esq., appointed Lord Alemore 1759—died 1776. This gentleman was remarkable for his fine oratory, which was praised highly by Sheridan the Lecturer, (father of R. B. Sheridan), in that gentleman's Discourses on English Oratory.

† Henry Home, Esq., appointed Lord Kames 1752—died 1783. This great man, so remarkable for his metaphysical subtlety and literary abilities, was strangely addicted to the coarse word in the text,—a circumstance well taken off in the novel called " Redgauntlet." Yet, perhaps few men were so much admired for powers of conversation in polite society, or for general liberality of sentiment.—*(See Appendix, No II.)*

‡ Sir David Dalrymple, appointed Lord Hailes 1766—died 1792. A story is told of Lord Hailes once making a serious objection to a law-paper, and, in consequence, to the whole suit to which it belonged, on account of the word *justice* being spelt in the manner mentioned in the text. Perhaps no author ever affected so much critical accuracy as Lord Hailes, and yet there never was a book published with so large an array of " *Corrigenda et addenda*," as the the first edition of the Annals of Scotland. *(See Appendix, No. III.)*

Lord Coalstoun* expressed his doubts and his fears;
And Strichen† threw in his *weel-weels* and *oh dears.*
" This cause much resembles the case of Mac-
" Harg,
" And should go the same way," says Lordie
' Barjarg.'‡

" Let me tell you, my Lords, this cause is no
" joke !"
Says, with a horse-laugh, my Lord Elliock.¶
" To have read all the papers I pretend not to
" brag !"
Says my Lord Gardenstone,§ with a snuff and a wag.

* George Brown, Esq. of Coalstoun, appointed 1756—died 1776.

† Alexander Fraser of Strichen, appointed 1730--died 1774.

‡ James Erskine, Esq., subsequently titled Lord Alva, appointed 1761—died 1796. He was of exceedingly small stature, and upon that account denominated " Lordie."

¶ James Veitch, Esq.,—appointed 1761—died 1793.

§ Francis Garden, Esq.—appointed 1764—died 1793, author of several respectable literary productions. (*See Appendix, No. IV.*)

Up rose the President,* and an angry man was
he,
" To alter the judgment I can never agree !"
The east wing cried " YES," and the west wing
cried " NOT ;"
And it was carried " ADHERE "† by my Lord's
casting vote.

The cause being somewhat knotty and perplext,
Their Lordships did not know how they'd deter-
mine next :
And as the Session was to rise so soon,
They superseded extract till the twelfth of June.‡

* Robert Dundas, Esq. of Arniston, appointed 1760—died 1787. (*See Appendix, No. V.*)

† The Bench being semicircular, and the President sitting in the centre, the seven Judges on his right hand formed the *east* wing—those on his left formed the *west*. The decisions were generally announced by the words " Adhere" and " Alter"—the former meaning an affirmance, the latter a reversal, of the judgment of the Lord Ordinary.

‡ The term of the summer Session was then from the 12th of June to the 12th of August.

PART II.

HAVING lost it, so now we prepare for the summer,
And on the 12th of June presented a Reclaimer;
But dreading a refuse, we gave Dundas* a fee,
And, though it run nigh, it was carried "To "SEE."†

In order to bring aid from usage bygone,
The Answers were drawn by *quondam* Mess John.‡

* HENRY first Viscount Melville, then coming forward as an Advocate at the Scotish Bar. When this great man passed Advocate, he was so poor, that, after going through the necessary forms, he had only one guinea left in his pocket. Upon coming home to his house in Brown's Square, he gave this to his sister, (who lived with him,) in order that she might purchase him a gown; after which he had not a penny. However, his talents soon filled his coffers. The gown is yet preserved by the family.

† "To See" is to appoint the Petition against the judgment pronounced to be Answered.

‡ John Erskine of Carnock, author of the Institute of the Law of Scotland.

He united with such art our law with the civil,
That the Counsel on both sides wished him to the Devil.

The cause being called, my Lord Justice Clerk,*
With all due respect, began a loud bark :
He appealed to his conscience, his heart, and from thence
Concluded—" To ALTER," but to give no expense.

Lord Stonefield,† unwilling his judgment to pother,
Or—" To be *anticipate*,"—agreed with his brother ;

* Thomas Miller, Esq. of Glenlee, appointed to this office in 1766, upon the death of Lord Minto. He filled this situation till the death of Robert Dundas, in 1787, when (January, 1788,) he was made President of the Court of Session, and created a Baronet in requital for his long services as a Judge. Being then far advanced in life, he did not live long to enjoy his new accession of honours, but died in September 1789.

† John Campbell, Esq. of Stonefield, formerly Sheriff of Argyleshire, a situation which he filled with the highest credit.

But Monboddo* was clear the bill to enforce,
Because, he observed, it was the price of a horse.

Says Pitfour,† with a wink, and his hat all a-jee,
" I remember a case in the year twenty-three—
" The Magistrates of Banff *contra* Robert Carr,
" I remember weel—I was then at the Bar.

" Likewise, my Lords, in the case of Peter Caw,
" *Superflua non nocent* was found to be law."
Lord Kennet‡ also quoted the case of one Lithgow,
Where a penalty in a bill was held *pro non scripto.*

The Lord President brought his chair to the plum,
Laid hold of the Bench, and brought forward his bum ;

* James Burnet, Esq., appointed 1767—died 1799. (*See Appendix, No. VI.*)

† James Fergusson, Esq., appointed 1761—died 1777. He always wore his hat on the Bench, on account of his sore eyes. (*See Appendix, No. VII.*)

‡ Robert Bruce, Esq.,—appointed 1764—died 1785.

" In these Answers, my Lords, some freedoms
" are used,
" Which I could point out, provided I chused.

" I was for the interlocutor, my Lords, I admit,
" But am open to conviction as long's I here do
" sit.
" To oppose your precedents, I quote a few
" cases;"—
And Tait,* *a priori*, hurried up the causes.

He proved it as clear as the sun in the sky,
That their maxims of law could not here apply—
That the writing in question was neither bill nor
band,
But something unknown in the law of the land.

The question—" Adhere," or " Alter,"—being
put,
It was carried—" To Alter," by a casting vote;
Bailie then moved—" In the bill there's a raze;"
But by this time their Lordships had called a new
cause.

* Alexander Tait, Clerk of Session.

# APPENDIX

TO

# THE COURT OF SESSION GARLAND.

## NO. I.—LORD COVINGTON.

Of this gentleman, in conjunction with Lord Pitfour, we have to record a very agreeable anecdote. In their profession they had always been rivals, and were usually pitted against each other in important cases. In only one thing did they ever agree, and that was the Jacobitism which affected them in common. After the Rebellion of 1745 was finally suppressed, and English justice found leisure to satisfy her vengeance *coolly* upon the victims of the sinking cause, many violently unjust, as well as bloody measures, were resorted to, at Carlisle, in the disposal of the prisoners, about seventy of whom came to a barbarous death. Messrs Lockhart and Fergusson, feeling the greatest indignation at the treatment of the

poor Highlanders, resolved upon a course, by which they were able to save many lives. They set out for Carlisle, arranging with each other that Lockhart should examine evidence, while Fergusson pleaded and addressed the Jury;—and, offering their services, were gladly accepted as counsel by the unfortunates whose trials were yet to happen. Each exerted his abilities in his respective duties with the greatest solicitude, but, mortifying to relate, with very little effect. The jurors of Carlisle had been so frightened by the Highland army, that they thought every thing in the shape or hue of tartan a damning proof of guilt; and, in truth, there seemed to be no discrimination whatever exerted in enquiring into the merits of any particular criminal; and it might have been just as fair, and much more convenient, to try them by wholesale, or in companies. At length one of the Scotish Advocates fell upon an ingenious expedient, which had a better effect than all the eloquence he had expended. He directed his man-servant to dress himself in some tartan habiliments, to skulk about for a short time in the neighbourhood of the town,

and then permit himself to be taken. The man did so, and was soon brought into court, and accused of the crime of high-treason, and would have been condemned to death, had not his master stood up, claimed him as his servant, and proved, beyond dispute, that the supposed criminal had been in immediate attendance upon his person during the whole time of the Rebellion. This staggered the jury entirely; and, with the aid of a little amplification from the mouth of the young Advocate, served to make them more cautious afterwards in the delivery of their important fiat.

In order to show the estimation in which Lockhart of Covington was held as an Advocate, we may mention, that the late Lord Newton, when at the Bar, wore his gown till it was in tatters, and at last had a new one made, with a fragment of the neck of the original sewed into it, whereby he could still make it his boast that he wore "Covington's Gown."

## NO. II.—LORD KAMES.

When he retired from the Bench, he took a public farewell of his brethren; and we were informed by an ear-and-eye-witness, who is certain that he could not be mistaken, that, after addressing them in a solemn speech, and shaking their hands all round, in going out at the door of the Court-Room, he turned about, and, casting them a last look, cried, in his usual familiar tone, —"Fare ye a' weel, ye bitches!" This might be called the ruling passion strong in death, for Lord Kames died a very short while thereafter.

A person called *Sinkum the Cadie*, who had a short and a long leg, and, was excessively addicted to swearing, used to lie in wait for this distinguished literary Judge, almost every morning, and walk alongside of his Lordship up the street to the Parliament-House. The mystery of Sterne's little flattering Frenchman, who begged so successfully from the ladies, was scarcely more wonderful than this intimacy, which arose entirely from Lord Kames' love

of the gossip, which *Sinkum* made it his business to cater for him.

### NO. III.—LORD HAILES.

When Lord Hailes died, it was a long time before any will could be found. The heir-at-law was about to take possession of his estates, to the exclusion of his daughter and only child. Some months after his Lordship's death, when it was thought that all further search was vain, Miss Dalrymple prepared to retire from New Hailes, and also from the mansion-house in New Street, having lost all hope of a will being discovered in her favour. Some of her domestics, however, were sent to lock up the house in New Street, and, in closing the window-shutters, Lord Hailes' will dropped out upon the floor from behind a panel, and was found to secure her in the possession of his estates, which she at present enjoys.

## NO. IV.—LORD GARDENSTONE.

This Judge had a predilection for pigs. One, in its juvenile years, took a particular fancy for his Lordship, and followed him wherever he went, like a dog, reposing in the same bed. When it attained the mature years and size of swinehood, this of course was inconvenient. However, his Lordship, unwilling to part with his friend, continued to let it sleep at least in the same room, and, when he undressed, laid his clothes upon the floor, as a bed to it. He said that he liked it, for it kept his clothes warm till the morning. In his mode of living, he was full of strange, eccentric fancies, which he seemed to adopt chiefly with a view to his health, which was always that of a valetudinarian.

Lord Gardenstone was as great an admirer of the fair sex of the human tribe in general, as he was a friend to the sow in particular. Being once met at the door of the Parliament-House,

by Lord Kames, who informed him of a scandal which he had heard related at his (Gardenstone's) expense, and took occasion to jeer at him, and even reprove him for his implied fault, Gardenstone, in allusion to the natural avarice which had for many years been gaining upon the disposition of Lord Kames, retorted well by saying, "Gang to the de'il, my Lord! My faut's aye growin' the langer the less; but yours is aye the langer the waur!"

### NO. V.—LORD PRESIDENT DUNDAS.

THIS distinguished Judge was in his latter years extremely subject to gout, and used to fall backwards and forwards in his chair—whence the ungracious expression in the Garland. He used to characterise his six clerks thus—"Two of them cannot *read;* two of them cannot *write;* and the other two can neither *read* nor *write!*" The eccentric Sir James Colquhoun was one of those who could not *read.* In former times, it was the practice of the Lord President to have a sand-glass before him on the Bench, with which

he used to measure out the utmost time that could be allowed to a Judge for the delivery of his opinion. Lord President Dundas would never allow a single moment after the expiry of the sand, and he has often been seen to shake his old-fashioned chronometer ominously in the faces of his Brethren, when their "ideas upon the subject" began, in the words of the Garland, to get vague and windy.

### NO. VI.—LORD MONBODDO.

Lord Monboddo's motion for the enforcement of the bill, on account of its representing the value of a horse, is partly an allusion for his Gulliver-like admiration of that animal, but more particularly to his having once embroiled himself in a law-plea respecting a horse which belonged to himself. His Lordship had committed the animal, when sick, to the charge of a farrier, with directions for the administration of a certain medicine. The farrier gave the medicine, but went beyond his commission, in so far as he mixed it

in a liberal *menstruum* of treacle, in order to make it palatable. The horse dying next morning, Lord Monboddo raised a prosecution for its value, and actually pleaded his own cause at the Bar. He lost it, however, and is said to have been so enraged in consequence at his Brethren, that he never afterwards sat with them upon the Bench, but underneath, amongst the Clerks. The report of this case is exceedingly amusing, on account of the great quantity of Roman law quoted by the Judges, and the strange circumstances under which the case appeared before them.

Lord Monboddo, with all his oddities, and though generally hated or despised by his Brethren, was by far the most learned, and not the least upright Judge of his time. His attainments in classical learning, and in the study of the ancient philosophers, were singular in his time in Scotland, and might have qualified him to shine anywhere. He was the earliest patron of one of the best scholars now in Scotland—the venerable Professor John Hunter of St Andrew's, who was for many years his secretary, and who chiefly

wrote the first and best volume of his Lordship's Treatise on the Origin of Languages.*

So convinced is Lord Monboddo said to have been of the truth of his fantastic theory of human tails, that, whenever a child happened to be born in his house, he would watch at the chamber-door, in order to see it in its first state—having a notion that the midwives pinched off the infant-tails.

There is a tradition, that Lord Monboddo attended and witnessed the dreadful catastrophe of Captain Porteous in 1736. He had just that day returned from completing his law-education at Leyden, and taken lodgings near the foot of the West Bow, where, at that time, many of the greatest lawyers resided. When the rioters came down the Bow with their hapless victim, Mr Burnet was roused from bed by the noise, came

* When he travelled to London, he always went on horseback; and it is said that the late King, on understanding this, and being also told that two dragoon officers had just come up from Scotland in a post-chaise, remarked how strange it was, that one of his law-judges should visit him on horse-back, while his dragoons adopted the more civilian-like mode of conveyance. On his last journey he only got the length of Dunbar, and then returned. His nephew enquiring the occasion of this—"Oh, George," said his Lordship, "I find I am eighty-four."

down in his night-gown, with a candle in his hand, and stood in a sort of stupor, looking on and still holding the lighted candle, till the tragedy was concluded. It is further added, that he was apprehended and examined next day by the Magistrates.

Lord Monboddo, while an Advocate, resided in a house at the head of the Advocates' Close, second door up the stair upon the left hand side. While a Judge, he had a good house in St John's Street, where Burns often attended the parties given by his beautiful daughter.

### NO. VII.—LORD PITFOUR.

A SINGULAR circumstance, which reflects much credit upon our immortal countryman Lord Mansfield, took place at the appointment of Lord Pitfour. Upon the decease of Lord E——, intelligence was dispatched to the nobleman above-mentioned, whose official duty it was to inform his Majesty, and who had a good deal to say in the appointment of a successor. The news reached Lord Mansfield, while attending a levee at St

The manners of Lord Monboddo were not more odd than his personal appearance. He looked rather like an old stuffed monkey, dressed in a Judge's robes, than any thing else. His face bore traces, however, of great intellectual intelligence, and was "sicklied o'er" with the cadaverous hue of excessive study. So convinced is he said to have been of the truth of his fantastic theory of human tails, that, whenever a child happened to be born in his house, he would watch at the chamber-door, in order to see it in its first state—having a notion that the midwives pinched off the infant-tails.

There is a tradition, that Lord Monboddo attended and witnessed the dreadful catastrophe of Captain Porteous in 1736. He had just that day returned from completing his law-education at London, and taken lodgings near the foot of the West Bow, where, at that time, many of the greatest lawyers resided. When the rioters came down the Bow with their hapless victim, Mr Burnet was roused from bed by the noise, and came down in his night-gown, and with a candle in his hand, where he stood in a sort of

wrote the first and best volume of his Lordship's Treatise on the Origin of Languages.

stupor, looking on, and still holding the lighted candle, till the tragedy was concluded. It is further added, that he was apprehended and examined next day by the Magistrates.

Lord Monboddo, while an Advocate, resided in a house at the head of the Advocates' Close, second door up the stair upon the left hand side. While a Judge, he had a good house in St John's Street, where Burns often attended the parties given by his beautiful daughter.

### NO. VII.—LORD PITFOUR.

A SINGULAR circumstance, which reflects much credit upon our immortal countryman Lord Mansfield, took place at the appointment of Lord Pitfour. Upon the decease of Lord E——, intelligence was dispatched to the nobleman above-mentioned, whose official duty it was to inform his Majesty, and who had a good deal to say in the appointment of a successor. The news reached Lord Mansfield, while attending a levee at St

James', and instantly bethinking himself of his friend Pitfour, he conceived that the present was a good opportunity for saying a word in his favour to the King. He did so, and, in addition to his own recommendation, brought forward the Duke of Argyll, whom, strange to say, he caused to testify to the *loyalty* of the Jacobite barrister, by putting the question to him in so direct and confident a manner, that his Grace, out of politeness, could not help making his bow. This, of course, was taken as sufficient assurance by his Majesty, who could not doubt the attestation of so attached and so Whiggish a nobleman. When the appointment reached Edinburgh, it was not more a matter of surprise to the public than to Pitfour, who had just as great expectations of becoming the Lama of Thibet, as of being made a Senator of the College of Justice.

---

### MR ANDREW MACLURE.

In the second flat of a house at the head of Beth's or Bess Wynd, fronting the southern

wall of the old Tolbooth, and next door to the Baijen Hole,* lived Mr Andrew Maclure, writing-master, a man of somewhat eccentric manners. He was one of that civic corps of most reluctant and unwilling volunteers, which was mustered in Edinburgh upon the approach of the Highland army in 1745, and dispatched to meet the Chevalier at Corstorphine, and which, after a march of little more than a mile,—marched back again. This unfortunate regiment was made the butt of many satirical jokes by the Jacobite part of the population; and it does not appear that Mr Maclure put much confidence in his fellow soldiers, more especially considering the nature of the opposition which they were to meet with; for it is related of him, that before the march he took a quire of writing-paper, and put

* A Celebrated and very ancient baker's-shop. It was the first *laigh shop* east of Forrester's Wynd, and nearly fronted the south-west corner of the Tolbooth. Peter Williamson, in his Edinburgh Directory for 1784, spells it *Bagon Hole*. One Andrew Hardie kept it. It was famed for a species of rolls called *Souter's Clods*, which were in great request among the boys of Edinburgh, on account of their satisfactory dimensions. It is said to have, moreover, produced very tolerable penny-pies. The origin of the word defies all research.

it into his breast, beneath his clothes, after having written upon the outer sheet, in large letters, " Here lies the body of Andrew Maclure, writing-master in Edinburgh, " in order, as he said, that he might ensure his corpse Christian burial.

We beg to subjoin a few original anecdotes of THE FORTY-FIVE in Edinburgh.

Till within the last few years, an ancient bailie existed in the Canongate, who remembered having seen *the Prince* ride up the street, when a woman pressed through the crowd that surrounded him, and seizing his stirrup, kissed it fervently.

Not so respectful was Mrs Brown, a venerable Jacobite, who kept a tobacco-and-snuff-shop at the foot of the Canongate, and who would not be content with a shake of the Prince's hand ; upon obtaining which (this was in a private audience at Holyroodhouse,) she told his Royal Highness, that she had " shaken hands with a better fallow." —" Indeed !" quoth the Prince, somewhat surprised—" Pray, my good lady, who was that ?" She answered—" Please your Royal Highness, it was your father."

The first Sunday after the arrival of the Highland army, none of the ministers dared to appear in their pulpits, except the Rev. Mr MacVicar of the West Church, who was not to be deterred from doing his duty on any account. As soon as it was known in the town that he was about to preach, a multitude of people ran off in great haste, up the Castle-Hill Street and down the northern Castle-bank, towards the church, in order to secure seats, that they might hear a sermon preached under such singular circumstances. One fat old cit, in passing a marsh at the Well-House Tower, stuck fast in the mud, and the people were in such a hurry, that no one would stop to assist in his extrication, but all pressed on, over his body, which their feet only trod faster down, so that he was almost suffocated. Mr MacVicar was bold enough to pray for the king *de facto* by name; after which he thus took notice of Prince Charles Edward—"And, oh, Lord! there is a young man in this town seekin' for a croon—oh, Lord! if it be thy pleasure, gi'e him a croon o' glory!" On this being told to the Chevalier, he is said to have expressed great

satisfaction with the address of the old Whiggish Divine.

The Highlanders were in general rapacious, and made no scruple of either begging or robbing. When they met a well-dressed citizen, they usually held out their hands or guns, and, like the military mendicant in "Gil Blas," asked for money. If refused, they usually exclaimed, "Faith, gin ye'll no gie't, her nainsell 'll pit in her hand and tak' it!" The citizens entertained such apprehensions respecting the character of the Highlanders, before their entry into the city, that they got stout doors put up at the bottom of every important *turnpike stair*, and at the tops and bottoms of all the closes, for protection. The hooks for the hinges of these doors still remain in all the old doorways. They were chiefly constructed by Mr George Begbie, *Town's Smith*, the grandfather of our informant.

This Mr Begbie one day accosted a Highland soldier in the Parliament Square, which, among a thousand other ennobling circumstances, which we could detail, was remarkable for having been the favourite promenade of these memorable ad-

venturers. "Pray, my friend," said the citizen, "how do you think this expedition of yours will end? Do you feel quite confident of success?" —"Och! sir," quoth the Highlander, "its no easy *flitting kings!*"

It may be mentioned with credit to the Highland Officers, that, during their stay in Edinburgh, many of them went to Mr John Johnston, who then kept a school in the Queen Regent's old Chapel in the Castle Hill, to receive private instructions in English, writing, and accounts. They no doubt contemplated the probability of their soon becoming generals and statesmen.

## THE HANGMEN OF EDINBURGH.

Duri homines ————.
HOR.

SOME of the hangmen of Edinburgh have been remarkable personages, and are by no means unworthy of a place amongst these *memorabilia*. The subject, we must confess, is a dismal one;

but it will be novel and *recherché;* for we do not recollect ever having seen it treated before.*

Lord Fountainhall, in his "Diary," records the following circumstance. Alexander Cockburn, hangman in Edinburgh, met the fate which he had meted out to many others, in January 1682. He had murdered a blue-gown; and was condemned upon circumstantial evidence. He died without confessing. One Mackenzie, the hangman of Stirling, whom Cockburn had traduced, and endeavoured to get put out of office, was the triumphant executioner of this sentence. About the same time, the hangman of London was executed for murdering his wife. He was, we believe, the real, original John or *Jack Ketch*, whose name has become equivalent among the vulgar for the term *executioner*.

From Carstares' State Papers we have collected the following highly entertaining particulars. On the 20th of June 1700, took place one of the most serious riots that ever disturbed the peace of

* There might be a very curious book written upon executioners, ancient and modern. "*Carnificiana*" would be a good title.

this mob-ridden city. The populace had determined that there should be an illumination for some success obtained over the Spaniards at Darien ; but, as the Magistrates did not countenance or give orders for this testimony of public rejoicing, many did not give into the general wish. The consequence was an indiscriminate breaking of windows ; and, in particular, much injury was sustained by the houses of the nobility and gentry, and the members of the Scotch Privy Council, who were by no means popular. Murray of Philiphaugh, in a letter to Principal Carstares, estimates the glass destroyed on this occasion at no less than L. 5000 Sterling. The mob also broke open the Tolbooth, and liberated all the prisoners ;—the Magistrates and Town-Councillors, who endeavoured to resist this charge, being repulsed by the rioters, who were armed with swords and cudgels. Some of the most active were taken into custody ; but, so much was the Scotish Ministry alarmed at the state of the public mind, at that time justly enflamed by the misfortune of Darien, that the Lord Advocate would not bring forward a capital libel against

them. Upon conviction, they were sentenced only to public whipping and the pillory.* When the punishment came to be inflicted, the hangman was not more bold in the performance of his duty than the Lord Advocate, and actually did not lay on a single stroke of the whip. When the criminals were set upon the pillory, nothing but flowers was thrown at them, and they were profusely supplied by the populace with wine. The magistrates were so much displeased with the executioner's conduct, that they ordered him to be publicly scourged; and, a day being appointed for the purpose, the hangman of Haddington was sent for to inflict the punishment. The latter, however, taking fright when he beheld the threatening appearance of the multitude, contrived to make his escape, by running down a

* Culprits were whipped from the Castle-Hill to the Netherbow. The close in the Castle-Hill, at the head of which they were divested of their upper raiment, is still called the *Stripping Close*. It is opposite to Blyth's Close. The *World's End Close*, in the Netherbow, was the other limit of the exhibition. The pillory stood at the Trone. The *Dyvour's Stane*, or stone on which bankrupts were, by the law of Scotland, obliged to stand before the public, with diverse-coloured stockings, was at "*The Mercat Croce*."

close, just as the culprit was brought forth. The laugh was now turned against the Magistrates, and it was said that it would be necessary to employ a third hangman to punish the recreant Haddington man. After a great deal of bluster, threatening, and high words, on the part of Government, the whole affair ended in smoke.

John Dalgliesh, the hangman mentioned in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," was thought to be in respectable circumstances before he undertook this strange trade. When employed in whipping offenders at the cart's tail, he used to tell the bystanders, that he laid on the stripes *according to his conscience*—that is, in proportion to what he supposed the deserts of the offender. He officiated at the execution of the celebrated Maggie Dickson, a woman condemned in the year 1738 for infanticide, but who came to life again, after enduring the sentence of the law.*

* She revived at Peffer-mill, a solitary house about half way between Duddingston-Loch and Craigmillar Castle. It is said that her friends, in conveying her body home to Musselburgh by this bye-road, stopped to get a dram; and when they came out from the house to resume their journey, Maggie was sitting up in the cart.

We have been informed, that one Johnston, a writing-master, while under condemnation for some offence, procured a remission of his sentence on condition of becoming executioner.

The late John High, who officiated during nearly forty years previous to his death in 1817, was at first prevailed upon to accept of the birth, by that being made the condition of his own escape from a condign punishment. His crime was stealing eggs from the stables of Peter Ramsay, the celebrated inn-keeper at the Cowgate Port.

The hangmen of Edinburgh had a house appropriated to themselves, which is still pointed out as that small tenement in the Hangman's Close,* Cowgate, which is seen in front through an opening to the right hand near the foot of the Old Fish-Market Close.

* Anciently St Mannan's Close.

## "OBJECTS."

Madame Bowzie was a crazy wretched old woman, usually seen upon the streets of Edinburgh, in very ragged apparel, and bearing upon her back a bundle containing cast-off female garments, which she made her bread by transferring from the possession of ladies of virtue and character to ladies of neither. She was much persecuted by the boys, on account of her amusing quality of madness. But she sometimes told them, in her rough dissonant voice, that, "though they thocht her daft, she was wise eneuch to take care of hersel in making bargains." She kept a sort of old-clothes-shop in that old house near the foot of Libberton's Wynd, in the Cowgate, which we have already mentioned as a religious building. Madame Bowzie exhibited the ruins of a handsome and good-looking woman, and had been the mistress of the titular Duke of Perth, who made so great a figure in the Rebellion of 1745.*

* Jeanie Cameron, the mistress of Prince Charles Edward, (so often alluded to in Tom Jones,) was seen by an old acquaintance of ours, standing upon the streets of Edinburgh, about the year eighty-six. She was dressed in mens'

The Paddock—a well-remembered Leith-Walk object—had not the use of his legs, but used his hands for nearly the same purpose. He held things like *irons* in his hands, which he applied to the ground, and he possessed some principle of saltation in his withered lower extremities, by which he was enabled to transport himself from one place to another with more than ordinary speed. So accomplished was he in jumping, that he has been known to bound directly off the ground into carts, as they passed. This singular talent was of great service to him in business; for, whenever he saw a well-dressed or charitable-looking person coming along the Walk, even though upon the opposite side of that broad and then very unequal way, he was at them, and among their very feet, before they were aware; and he was thus, indeed, enabled to make application to the passengers on both sides of the street;—thereby having the advantage of all his more stationary fellow-objects. He was

clothes, and had a wooden leg. This celebrated and once attractive beauty, whose charms and Amazonian gallantry had captivated a Prince, afterwards died in a *stair-fit*, somewhere in the Canongate.

very impudent, evidently feeling quite confident of his claims upon the charity of that part of the world who used their legs instead of their hands in performing the functions of locomotion.

Drucken Charlie Stewart was for many years a well-known maniac in Edinburgh. He had been *out in the forty-five*, with his celebrated namesake, and, being wounded in the head at the battle of Culloden, was ever after subject to fits of hallucination, when the least intoxicated with liquor. While in this condition, he was in the invariable habit of accosting every gentleman whom he met wearing the King's livery, with furious gestures and minatory words; and he has been known more than once to have appalled, and for a moment interrupted the march of, whole regiments of his Hanoverian foes. These exploits sometimes occasioned his confinement in the Town-guard-House, but were attended with no serious consequences;—and Daft Charlie ended his days in the humble calling of a tailor.

Willie Macpherson was an honest man, and a citizen of Edinburgh, who concerned himself about scarcely any other thing besides the

history, political and topographical, of his native city. He had a nose of singular length and brightness, which usually attracted the attention of every person he met. But he was perfectly good-humoured upon this subject. When he saw any person looking very hard at his prominent feature, he was in the habit of standing sideways, close up to the wall, holding his nose aside with his hand, and saying—" Pray, sir, will ye win bye ?"

About eighty-five years ago, there was a Sturdy Beggar, who had his station in a *close-head*, near the middle of the Canongate. Though destitute of the advantages of blindness and deformity, and though possessed of all his limbs, he evidently drove a prosperous trade; and it was even said, that when he retired from business, after having made a fortune, he sold the good-will of his *stance* to a successor for a considerable sum. It was observed, however, that his successor, though a blind man, and of tolerably disgusting appearance, did not thrive so fast as the founder of the business—which shows that the sound man must have been possessed of the

greater talents for begging—though, perhaps, the blind man's comparative want of success might be owing to his having fallen upon the "latter, evil days," when, as Andrew Gemmels used to tell, the trade of mendicancy was "twenty pounds a-year worse than it had been!" A military officer, who immediately after figured at the siege of Belleisle, one day accosted the sturdy beggar above-mentioned, and, observing that he was a stout well-proportioned man, asked him if he would "*list*." The beggar considered for a moment, and said—"Pray, sir, what wad ye gie' me?"—"Why," said the officer, "sixpence a-day, and a shilling to drink the King's health."*—"Gae wa'!" cried the mendicant, "I can mak five shillings a-day here, and am my ain master!"

*Note.*—The remainder of this subject, which is so *object*ionable on account of its vulgarity, has been for the present suppressed.

* It may not be generally known, that the system of enticing men, by the offer of bounties, was not known in Britain till the time of the American war.

# TRADITIONS.

## EXTINCT CLOSES.—THE PARLIAMENT CLOSE.

Previous to the seventeenth century, the ground now occupied by the Parliament-House, and the buildings adjacent to the south and west, was the Church-yard of St Giles's, from the south side of which edifice it extended down a steep declivity to the Cowgate. This might formerly be considered the metropolitan cemetery of Scotland; as, together with the internal space of the church, it contained the ashes of many noble and remarkable personages.* After the period of the Reformation, when Queen Marie conferred the gardens of the Grey-Friars upon the Town, the church-yard of St Giles's ceased to be much used as a burying-ground; and that extensive

* John Knox is said to have been buried a few feet from the front of King Charles's statue. The Regent Murray was buried within the Old Church. The Marquis of Montrose was interred in the present vestry-room attached to that place of worship.

and more appropriate place of sepulture succeeded to this in being made *the Westminster Abbey of Scotland.* We have been informed, by the present respectable Recorder of Edinburgh, that many of the tomb-stones were removed from St Giles's to the Grey-Friars, where they still exist.

The west side of the cemetery of St Giles's was bounded by the house of the Provost of the church, who, in 1469, granted part of the same to the citizens, for the augmentation of the burying-ground. From the charter accompanying the grant, it appears that the Provost's house then also contained the public school of Edinburgh.

In the lower part of the church-yard, there was a small place of worship, denominated the *Chapel of Holyrood.* Walter Chapman, the first printer in Edinburgh, in 1528, endowed an altar in this chapel with his tenement in the Cowgate; and, by the tenor of the charter, we are enabled to point out very nearly the residence of this interesting person, who, besides being a printer, was a respectable merchant in Edinburgh, and, it would appear, a very pious man. The tenement is thus described:—"All and haill this tene-

ment of land, back and foir, with houses, biggings, yards, and well* thereof, lying in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, on the south side thereof, near the said chapel, betwixt the lands of James Lamb on the east, and the lands of John Aber on the west, the arable lands called Wairam's Croft on the south, and the said street on the north part."—In the immediate neighbourhood of the Chapel of Holyrood, there also stood a farm-house, called *St Giles's Grange.*

On all occasions when excavations have been made in this part of the city—at the founding of Sir William Forbes & Co.'s Banking House—of the new south room of the Advocates' Library—and at the alterations of the Royal Bank of Scotland when converted into a Police-office—great quantities of human bones have been discovered. When, about thirty years ago, the pavement of the Tolbooth and New North Churches was lowered a few feet, numerous cart-loads of mortal remains were taken up.† We

* Previous to 1681, the inhabitants of Edinburgh were supplied with water from pump-wells in the south side of the Cowgate.

† Some of these were emptied upon the sides of the Earthen Mound!

also understand, that whenever the goldsmiths of the Parliament Square cleared out their peat-holes, which they were in the custom of doing once a-year, bones were always conveyed away, mixed with the rubbish. These *peat-holes* were the " benmost bores" of those cellars under the Square in which, lighted by gratings in the causeway, or by small apertures under the shop-windows, the silversmiths and jewellers who nestled round the church, transacted all the operative part of their business.

The church-yard of St Giles appears to have entirely lost its sacred character about the period of King James's departure for England. In 1617, upon the return of that monarch to his native kingdom, the Magistrates gave his Majesty a banquet in the open space which had formerly been occupied as the church-yard. In 1625, the eight ministers of Edinburgh were ordered to receive each a salary of 1200 merks Scots, (£67, 10s. Sterling;) and three out of the eight were to have, free of rent, " the town-houses situatit south of St Giles's Kirk."*

* The same act provided, that the Magistrates should attend divine service, every Sunday, " at leist in the foirnoon,"

In 1628, the church was first degraded by numerous wooden booths being stuck up around it, an indication that its precincts must have then become an open resort of business. Yet, to show that some reverence was still paid to the reverence of the place, the Town-council decreed, that no tradesmen should be admitted to these shops, except Book-binders, Mort-makers, (Watch-makers,) Jewellers, and Goldsmiths, which were considered the most respectable trades then in existence. *Book-binders* must here be meant to signify Booksellers—the latter term not being then known in Scotland, and even at this day, in the country, not nearly so often used to denote the bibliopolic craft as the other. Of mort-makers there could not then be many; for watches were imported from Germany till about the conclusion of the seventeenth century. It is probable that *menders* of watches are here

agreeable to a custom which had been commenced immediately after the Reformation, when they had a seat fitted up for their accommodation. The ministers had been dispersed to different quarters of the Town, by order of James VI., in 1596; and the above seems to be an edict on the part of the Town-council, to restore them to their mansion-house at the west side of St Giles's church-yard.

meant. The goldsmiths were a much more numerous tribe than either of their companions; for at that time there prevailed in Scotland, amongst the aristocracy, a sort of barbarous magnificence and taste for show, extremely favourable to these tradesmen, who manufactured vast quantities of plate calculated for exhibition in the baronial hall—a taste, by the way, which produced among the lower classes the imitative one of a love of pewter, and was the occasion of all these "*binks*" or cabinets of glittering plates so common to this day in Scotish cottages.

In 1632, the present Great Hall of the Parliament-House was founded upon the site of the houses formerly occupied by the ministers of St Giles. It was finished in 1639, at an expense of £11,630 Sterling, and devoted to the use of Parliament. In a *bird's-eye* view of Edinburgh, taken in 1648, the whole precinct of St Giles is very distinctly marked. The Parliament-House, with the adjoining building of the Exchequer, stands free upon the ground, which declines from the walls of the church downwards to the Cowgate, apparently in a waste condition.

In 1662, the *Parliament Yaird*, as it was then called, seems to have been still open; for, on the 15th of March that year, the Magistrates *let* to Johne Thomsone, gardener, "that yaird or piece of ground on the south side and east end of the Parliament-Hous, with the brae all along between the great stone dyke of the Meill-mercatt on the south, the Parliament-Hous and timber ravill at the head of the brae upon the north, and the dyke upon the east and wast, heigh and laigh,"* in order that he might lay out the same in walks, and plant it with trees, herbs, and flowers, exclusive of cabbage, for and at the pleasure of the Magistrates.† Pursuant to this agreement, Thomsone exhibited a plan for the adornment of the inclosures described; but it

* Council Register, XXI, 99.

† Johne Thomsone was also to have the "high hous above the Custome-hous, in the Meill-mercatt, to be a dwelling-house;" which shows the site of the Custom-house at that early period. This public office was kept in Blackfriars' Wynd in the year 1688, as appears in Fountainhall's Diary, p. 265. Previous to its removal to Bellevue, (now the Excise-Office,) a flat in the east-side of the Parliament Close was occupied as the Custom-House; and the whole *land* was usually designated the *Custom-House Stairs*.

does not appear to have been carried into effect; for, in the month of May ensuing,* the Council agreed to let people build shops, at their own charges, upon part of the ground—namely, that part adjoining to the east end of the Exchequer buildings, and which occupied the precise site of the late tall lands upon the south side of the Parliament Square. The size of these various shops was to be sixteen feet square, and the ground-rent twenty merks yearly. Previous to this period, it would appear that the east part of the Parliament Close was closed by a line of goldsmiths' shops.

At what period these small shops were succeeded by better buildings, does not appear—though the probable era is 1685, as that was the date of the *land* adjoining to the Exchequer, which survived till 1824, and which bore over a door-way the words—"The Royal Exchange.† All the buildings upon the south and east side

* Council Register, XXI, 128.

† "At the backside of the Treasury-Rooms is a small square they call the Change."—*The North of England and Scotland in the year* 1704.

of the Square were destroyed by the great fire of 1700; previous to which period they are said to have been fifteen stories high.

"In 1676, there was a great fyre in Edinburgh; it began at the head of the Kirk Hoich, in a stationer's shop, he loutting down with a candle among louse papers, fyred them so as he could not quench it, and burnt all that side, as ye goe into the Parliament House, on the left hand, and on the foregate (main street) down to the cross. The Lord Advocate, Sir John Nisbet's house was burnt, and several other considerable houses."—*Law's Memorialls, p.* 85.—From this it appears that the buildings in the Parliament Close were then inhabited by people of distinction, and of sufficient magnitude and importance to produce a "great fyre."

After the complete destruction of the north and east sides of the Parliament Square by the fire of 1700, they were rebuilt in a very handsome style, but lower by three stories. Patrick Walker mentions, that the former edifices "took fifteen years a-building." The new *lands* erect-

ed after the fire were not finished for ten years. They were popularly termed *The Babel Lands.*

Among the noble inhabitants of the Parliament Close at an early period, the noble family of Wemyss were not the least considerable. At the time of Porteous's affair, when the grandfather of the present Earl of Wemyss was a boy, his sisters persuaded him to act the part of Captain Porteous in a sort of drama which they got up in imitation of that strange scene. The foolish romps actually went the length of tucking up their brother, the heir of the family, by the neck, over a door; and their sports had well nigh ended in a real tragedy; for the hapless representative of Porteous was black in the face, before they saw the necessity of cutting him down. Before the destruction of all these stately *lands* by the Great Fire of 1824, the flats were all subdivided and let to common people; and in some of the upper stories, such was the degradation, that, as we have been informed, single rooms were occupied by individual poor families; and there were sometimes fifty or sixty people stowed into one flat.

The small booths around St Giles, part of which were first erected in 1555, continued, till 1817, to deform the outward appearance of that sacred structure. Long before their destruction, the booksellers at least had found the "cabinned space" of six or seven feet too small for the accommodation of their fast-increasing wares, and removed to larger shops in the stupendous tenements of the square; but, to compensate this change, a great number of dealers in toys, gloves, &c., had taken up their abode in the Krames—for so were the shops designated upon the north side of the Cathedral. There were also shops under and at the ends of the Old Tolbooth. One of these, at the east end, not more than seven feet long and three feet wide, was occupied by an old glover named K——, who, with his *cara sposa*, stood retailing his wares within its narrow limits for nearly half a century. They had not a fire, even in winter—there being no room for such a convenience; and this was a specimen of the life led by all the patient creatures who kept similar shops in the neighbourhood; most of

whom, upon the demolition of the Krames, and the general alterations of the town which then took place, retired from business with competent fortunes :—Such were the commercial advantages of this central part of the city, and so slightly had their prosperity been affected by rents of from L.3 to L.6 *per annum.*

One of the largest of these booths, adjacent to the north side of the New or High Church, and having a second story, was occupied, during a great part of the last century, by Messrs Kerr and Dempster, goldsmiths. The first of these gentlemen had been member of Parliament for the City, and was the last citizen who ever held that office. Such was the humility of people's wishes in those days respecting their houses, that this respectable person actually lived, and had a great many children, in the small space of the flat over the shop, and the cellar under it, which was lighted by a grating in the pavement of the square. The subterraneous part of his house was chiefly devoted to the purposes of a nursery, and proved so insalubrious in this capacity, that all his children died successively at a particular

age, with the exception of his son Robert, who, being born much more weakly than the rest, had the good luck to be sent to the country to be nursed, and afterwards grew up to be the well-known author of the Life of Robert Bruce, and other works.

As all the goldsmiths of the city were collected in the Parliament Close, this was of course the place to which all the country people resorted, during the last century, in order to make the purchase of silver tea-spoons which always preceded their nuptials. It was then just as customary a thing in the country for the intending bride-groom to take a journey, a few weeks before his marriage, to the Parliament Close, in order to buy *the silver-spunes*, as it was for the bride to have all her clothes and stock of bed-furniture inspected by a committee of matrons upon the wedding-eve. And this important transaction occasioned two journeys;—one, in order to select the spoons, and prescribe the initials which were to be marked upon them;—the other, to receive and pay for them. It must be

understood, that the goldsmiths of Edinburgh then kept scarcely any goods on hand in their shops, and that the smallest article had to be bespoken from them some time before it was wanted. An octogenarian goldsmith, now alive, who entered as an apprentice about the beginning of the last King's reign, says that they were beginning, only at that time, to keep a few trifling articles on hand. Previous to that period, also, another old custom had been abolished. It had been usual, upon both the occasions above-mentioned, for the goldsmith to adjourn with his customer to John's Coffee-house, or to the Baijen-Hole, (which was then a tavern,) and to receive the order or the payment, in a comfortable manner, over a dram and a *caup* of small ale; which were, upon the first occasion, paid for by the customer, and, upon the second, by the trader; and the goldsmith then was perhaps let into the whole secret counsels of the rustic, including a history of his courtship—in return for which, he would take pains to astonish his customer with a sketch of the city news. But, as the views and capitals

of the Parliament-Close goldsmiths became extended, all these pleasant customs were in time relentlessly abandoned.*

The shop and workshop of George Heriot existed in this neighbourhood till 1809, when the extension of the Advocates' Library occasioned the destruction of some interesting old *closes* to the west of St Giles's Kirk, and altered all the features of this part of the town. There was a line of three small shops, with wooden superstructures above them, extending between the door of the Old Tolbooth and that of the *Laigh Council-House*, which occupied the site of the present lobby of the Signet Library. A narrow passage led between these shops and the west end of St Giles; and George Heriot's shop, being in the centre of the three, was situated ex-

* In the early times above referred to, £100 was accounted a sufficient capital for a young goldsmith—being just so much as purchased his furnace, tools, &c., served to fit up his shop, and enabled him to enter the Incorporation, which alone required £40 out of the £100. The stock with which George Heriot commenced business at a much earlier period, (1580,) said to have been about £200, must therefore be considered a proof of the wealth of that celebrated person's family.

actly opposite to the south window of the Little Kirk. The back windows looked into an alley behind, called Beith's or Bess Wynd. In confirmation of this tradition, George Heriot's name was discovered upon the architrave of the door, being carved in the stone, and apparently having served as his *sign*. Besides this curious memorial, the booth was also found to contain his forge and bellows, with a hollow stone, fitted with a stone cover or lid, which had been used as a receptacle for, and a means of extinguishing, the living embers of the furnace, upon closing the shop at night. All these curiosities were bought by the late Mr E. Robertson of the Commercial Bank, who had been educated in Heriot's Hospital, and by him presented to the Governors, who ordered them to be carefully deposited and preserved in the house, where they now remain. George Heriot's shop was only about seven feet square!—Yet his master, King James, is said to have sometimes visited him here, and upon these occasions, as tradition further reports, to have been treated by him with a bottle of wine. The following anecdote is also derived from tra-

dition, and bears the appearance of probability. One day, when the goldsmith visited his Majesty at Holyroodhouse, he found the King sitting beside a fire, which, being composed of perfumed wood, cast an agreeable smell throughout the room. Upon George Heriot remarking its pleasantness, the King told him that it was quite as costly as it was fine. Heriot said, that if his Majesty would come and pay him a visit at his shop, he would show him a still more costly fire. "Indeed!" said the King, "and I will." He accordingly paid the goldsmith a visit, but was surprised to find only an ordinary fire. "Is this, then, your fine fire?" said he.—"Wait a little," said George, "till I get my fuel." So saying, he took from his bureau a bond for two thousand pounds, which he had lent to the King, and, laying it in the fire, added—"Now, whether is your Majesty's fire or mine most expensive?"—"Yours, most certainly, Master Heriot!" said the King.

Adjacent to George Heriot's shop, and contiguous to the Laigh Council-house, there was a tavern, in which a great deal of small legal busi-

ness used to be transacted in bygone times. The famous Peter Williamson, who designed himself "from the other world," kept this house for a long time. It acted also as a sort of vestry to the Tolbooth Church; and was the place where the Magistrates took what was called the *Deid-Chack—id fuit*, a refreshment or dinner, of which those dignitaries always partook after having attended an execution. The *Deid-Chack* is now entirely abjured, like many other of those fashions which formerly rendered the office of a magistrate so much more comfortable than it now is.

The various kirks which compose St Giles's, had all different characters in former times. The High Kirk had a sort of dignified aristocratic character, approaching somewhat to prelacy, and was frequented only by sound church-and-state men, who did not care so much for the sermon, as for the gratification of sitting in the same place with his Majesty's Lords of Council and Session and the Magistrates of Edinburgh, and who desired to be thought men of sufficient liberality and taste to appreciate the prelections of Blair. The Old Kirk, in the centre of the whole, was

frequented by people who wished to have a tough *sufficient* sermon of good divinity, about three quarters of an hour long, and who did not care for the darkness and *goustiness* of that dungeon-like place of worship. The Tolbooth Kirk was the peculiar resort of a set of rigid Calvinists from the Lawn Market and the head of the Bow, termed the *Towbuith-Whigs*, who loved nothing but *extempore*, apostolical sermons, and would have considered it sufficient to bring the house down about their ears, if the precentor had ceased, for one verse, the old hill-side fashion of reciting the lines of the psalm before singing them. Dr Webster, of convivial memory, was long one of the clergymen of this church, and deservedly admired as a pulpit-orator; though his social habits often run nigh to scandalize his devout and self-denying congregation.

The inhabitants and shop-keepers of the Parliament Square were, in former times, very sociable and friendly as neighbours, and formed themselves into a sort of society, which was long known by the name of *The Parliament-Close Council*. Of this association there were from

fifty to an hundred members, all of whom met once or twice a-year, at a dinner, when they usually spent the evening, as the newspaper phrase goes, "in the utmost harmony." The *joke* of this club (for what club ever existed without its *joke?*) consisted in each person assuming a titular dignity at the dinner, and being so called all the year after by his fellow-members. One was Lord Provost of Edinburgh—another was Dean of Guild—some were Bailies—others Deacons—and a great proportion State-officers. Sir William Forbes, who, with the kindness of heart which characterised him, condescended to hold a place in this assemblage of mummers, was for a long time *Member for the City.*

Previous to the institution of the Police-court, a Bailie of Edinburgh used to sit, every Monday, at that part of the Outer Parliament-House where the statue of Lord Melville now stands, to hear and decide upon small causes—such as prosecutions for scandal and defamation, or cases of quarrels among the vulgar and the infamous. This judicature, commonly called the *Dirt Court*, was chiefly resorted to by washerwomen from Canon-

mills, and the drunken ale-wives of the Canongate. A list of Dirt-court processes used always to be hung up on a board, every Monday morning, at one of the pillars in the piazza at the outside of the Parliament Square; and that part of the piazza, being the lounge of two or three low pettifoggers who managed such pleas, was popularly called the *Scoundrel's Walk*. Early on Monday, it was usual to see one or two threadbare personages, with prodigiously clean linen, bustling about with an air of importance, and occasionally accosted by viragoes with long-eared caps flying behind their heads, whose figures might have reminded one of Pope's well-drawn picture of Obloquy, in his imitation of Spenser. We once heard it said, by an aged Edinburgh lady, that, in one of the laigh shops in the *Scoundrel's Walk*, the wife of the younger Rob Roy was detained during his trial, in order, as was believed, to prevent her coming forward as exculpatory evidence in favour of her abductor, which she was most anxious to do.

There was something lofty and august about the Parliament Close, which we shall scarcely

ever see revived in any modern part of the town. So dark and majestic were the buildings all round, and so finely did the whole harmonize with the ancient Cathedral which formed one of its sides! Even the echoes of the Parliament Square had a character of grandeur; and the sound of the foot-fall impressed the stranger in passing it with solemn, awful, sacred emotions. Such, perhaps, were the feelings of William Julius Mickle, when he wrote a poem "On passing through the Parliament Close of Edinburgh at midnight,"* of which the following is one of the best passages:—

> "———— In the pale air sublime,
> St Giles's column rears its ancient head,
> Whose builders many a century ago
> Were mouldered into dust. Now, O my soul,
> Be filled with sacred awe—I tread
> Above our brave forgotten ancestors. Here lie
> Those who in ancient days the kingdom ruled,
> The counsellors and favourites of Kings,
> High lords and courtly dames, and valiant chiefs,
> Mingling their dust with those of lowest rank,
> And basest deeds, and now unknown as they."

Previous to the Union, the Parliament Square seems to have been a promenade similar to *St*

* See Collection of Original Poems by Scotch Gentlemen, Vol. II, 137. (1762.)

*Paul's Walk* in the reign of Elizabeth. In a poem called "The Banishment of Poverty,"* a poor Scotish gentleman, just arrived in town, tells us that he went to St Giles's Church, to while away the hungry time of dinner among other ill-faring loungers. The present Old Church seems to have been part of this open promenade; for the tomb of the Regent Murray was the ordinary place appointed for the paying of bills.—At the north-east corner of the church, there is still a niche, and in former times there was a statue of the Virgin. Here, upon the steps leading up to the Krames, people used to implement the bargains which they had made at the Cross, by *weeting thooms*, or paying *arles*. An old gentlewoman, who died about 1802, at the age of ninety, mentioned having seen both the statue and "*Our Lady's Steps*" in her early days.—Upon the top of the church, at the same corner, a person about fifty years of age remembers having seen, when a boy, the spike whereon the Earl of Argyll's head had been stuck after decapitation. It was removed in the course of some repairs.

* See Watson's Collection of Scotish Poems, 1706.

In an old drawing published by the late Mr Kincaid, bookseller—representing the procession called the Riding of the Scotish Parliament—the Lord Commissioner seems to sit at the end of the Parliament House, receiving the figures as they come forward. This must have been the spot afterwards occupied by the Goldsmith's Hall, and now by the staircase of the Advocates' Library.

Some of the booths on the south side of St Giles's Church are said to have borne, even in their latter days, internal marks of having been, at some former period of their existence, *taverns;* and it was supposed by the goldsmiths, who latterly occupied them, that these were places of entertainment for the lacqueys of the lords of Parliament, who would be obliged to sit drinking here, while their masters were engaged in much drier business, for the good of their country, within the Parliament House.

John's Coffee-house, at the north-east corner of the Parliament Square, destroyed by the fire of 1824, was a very ancient tavern. We have seen it mentioned in newspapers as a place for meetings of creditors so far back as 1736. It

was said to have existed since the time of the Revolution; and Defoe, in his History of the Union,* informs us, that the opponents of that great measure used to meet here, in order to speculate upon the proceedings of Parliament, over inflammatory potations of brandy. It was a favourite resort of the lawyers of the last century.

## BETH'S WYND.

THIS venerable alley extended between the Old Tolbooth and the Cowgate, and was partly destroyed by fire in 1786. It was totally removed in 1809, preparatory to the building of the new Advocates' Library. All the houses in

* We are also informed by Defoe, that while the Union Act was passing the Scotish House of Parliament, the Duke of Hamilton, on account of lameness, usually left the Parliament House in a chair, and was carried down to the Abbey, followed by the mob, who showered blessings upon him for his opposition to the detested measure. "On the 28d October, (1706,) the Parliament sat late, and the Parliament Close was so full of people, that the members could scarcely get out and in. On this day the Duke of Hamilton, on leaving the house, was carried up to the Lawn Market, and so to the lodgings of the Duke of Athole."—*See Def. Hist. Union.*

Beth's Wynd were exceeding old and crazy; and some mysterious-looking cellar-doors were shown in it, which the old wives of the wynd believed to have been kept shut since the time of *the Plague*. A superstitious notion prevailed, that, in case these cellars were ever opened, the plague would burst out afresh, and kill and slay all it met!

## FORRESTER'S WYND.

Forrester's Wynd extended betwixt Beth's and Libberton's Wynd. It was by this way that the Earl of Marr, with his hackbutters, passed up to the rescue of King James, 17th December 1596, when that monarch was besieged, in the Council-Chamber or Laigh Tolbooth, by his fanatic subjects. This was also the extreme eastern limit of a great fire which, (during the siege of Edinburgh Castle by the Regent's army, when he held out for the Queen,) in 1573, destroyed all that part of the city which reached between the Castle Wynd, in the Grassmarket, and this spot.

# KING'S BIRTH-DAY.

From the time of the Restoration, when the Magistrates celebrated the "glorious twenty-ninth of May" upon a public stage at the Cross, down to the year 1810, when the last illness of our late excellent Sovereign threw a damp over the spirits of the nation at large, Edinburgh was remarkable for her festive observance of the *King's Birth-Day*. This was one of the great holidays of Edinburgh, though one which was usually attended with fully as much licence and outrage as loyalty and happiness.

By the boys, in particular, the fourth of June used to be looked forward to with the most anxious anticipations of delight. Six months before that day, they had begun to save as many of their *Saturday's halfpence* as could possibly be spared from present necessities; and for a good many weeks, nothing was thought of but the day, and nothing was done but making preparations for it. White-washing and partly-painting *stair-fits*, was one of the principal preparations. A

club of boys, belonging perhaps to the same street, or close, or *land*, would pitch upon a particular *stair-fit*, or, if that was not to be had, a piece of ordinary dead wall, as much out of the way as possible; and this became, for the time, the object of all their attentions, and their ordinary place of meeting. Here, upon the great day, they were to muster all their arms and ammunition, kindle a fire, and amuse themselves from morning to night, with crackers, serpents, squibs, and certain Lilliputian pieces of ordnance, mounted upon the ends of sticks, and set off with matches or *pee-oys*.

For a fortnight immediately before the day, great troops of boys used to go out of town, to the Braid and Pentland Hills, and bring home whins for *busking* the lamp-posts, which were at that period of the year stripped of their lamps, —as well as boughs for the adornment of the *bower-like* stations which they had adapted for their peculiar amusement. Of course, they were not more regular in these forages, than the Magistrates were with edicts, forbidding and threatening to punish the same.

One of the most important preliminaries of the Birth-day, was the decoration with flowers of the statue of King Charles in the Parliament Square. This was always done by young men who had been brought up in Heriot's Hospital, —otherwise "*Auld Herioters*,"—who were selected for this purpose, on account of the experience they had had in dressing the statue of George Heriot, with flowers, on *his* birth-day, which was always held on the first Monday of June. The flowers for the statue of Charles and his horse, were prepared, on the eve of the birth-day, in the large vestry of the Old Church—now the Old Church itself—and, according to report, the Herioters were allowed L. 10 for their trouble by the Magistrates.

The morning of the Birth-day was ushered in by firing of the aforesaid pieces of ordnance, to the great annoyance of many a Lawn-Market and Luckenbooths* merchant, accustomed, time

* The obscure and long-disputed word, Luckenbooths, is evidently derived from *Lucken*, close or shut, and *booths*, shops or places for exposing merchandise. This ancient row of houses must have been originally distinguished from

out of mind, to be awaked four hours later by the incipient squall of the saut-wives and fish-wives at eight o'clock. As for the boys, sleep of course had not visited a single juvenile eye-lid during the whole night; and it was the same thing whether they lay in bed, or were up and out of doors at work. Great part of the morning was spent in kindling the *bane-fires*, preparing the ammunition, and adorning the public wells with evergreens. The wells thus honoured were the Bow-Head, Lawn-Market, Cross, and Fountain-Wells; and, besides branches of trees, there was always an oil-painting hung at the top, or a straw-stuffed figure set up against the bottom. Both around the fires and the wells were great groups of boys, who busied themselves in annoying the passengers with cries of "*Mind the Bane-fire!*" or "*mind* ———" the person, whoever he might be, that was represented by the painting or the effigy. A halfpenny was a valuable acquisition, and of course added to the general stock

other booths, by being shut in all round, instead of having one side open to the street. All shops may now be said to be *luckenbooths*.

of the company, to be expended in the purchase of gun-powder. These elegant exhibitions were the wonder and admiration of many a knot of country-people, some of whom had come from a great distance, to witness the *fun* and the *ferlies* of the King's Birth-day.

About seventy years ago, it was customary to fix figures of the Sun, the Moon, and the Globe, upon the top of the Cross-Well; and these being pierced with small holes, and communicating by a pipe with the cistern, water was made to play from their faces in a very beautiful manner. This continued from twelve to four, and was sanctioned by the Magistrates.—It was to this well that the ancient pillory of the city was fixed.

Towards the afternoon, the *bane-fires* were in a great measure deserted; for by that time the boys had usually collected a good sum, and began to bend their thoughts upon the great business of the evening. A new object of attention now sprung up—namely, the meeting of the Magistrates and their friends in the Parliament House, in order to drink the King's health. In the Great Hall, formerly the meeting-place of the Scotish

Parliament, tables covered with wines and confectionaries were prepared at the expense of the city; and to this entertainment there were usually invited about two hundred persons, including the most respectable citizens of Edinburgh, besides the noblemen, gentlemen, and the chief military and naval officers who happened to be in the city or its vicinity. About five o'clock, the attention of the mob became concentrated in the Parliament Close. The company then began to assemble in the House; and those arch-enemies of the mob, yclept the *Town Rattens*, drew themselves up at the east entry of the Square, in order to protect the City's guests as they alighted from their carriages, and to fire a volley at every toast that was drunk within the House. The gentlemen who came to honour the Magistrates, had often to purchase the good-will of the mob, by throwing money amongst them; otherwise they were sure to be maltreated before getting into the House. Dead cats, cod-heads, and every species of disgusting garbage, were thrown at them, and sometimes unpopular persons were absolutely seized and carried to the box which

covered a fire-pipe in the centre of the Square, and there *burghered*, as it was called—that is, had their bottoms brought hard down upon the ridge of the box three several times, with severity proportioned to the caprice of the inflictors, or determined by the degree of resistance made by the sufferer.

While the Town-guard stood in the Square, the mob were seldom remiss in pelting them with the same horrible missiles. Resistance or revenge in such a case would have been vain; and the veterans found it their only resource to throw all the articles of annoyance, as they reached them, into the lobby of the House; thus diminishing, and perhaps altogether exhausting the ammunition of their persecutors.

The healths being drunk, the *Rats* were ordered to leave the Square, and march down the street to their guard-house. Most of these veterans had no doubt participated in the distresses and hazards of many a march and countermarch; but we question if they were ever engaged in any so harassing and dangerous as this. In fact, the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks, or

that of the British troops in the late Peninsular War, was scarcely so beset with peril and horror, as this retreat of the *Rats* from the Parliament Square to the Town-guard-house—a distance of only one hundred yards! The uproar was now at its height, and the mob, not content with a distant *fire* of missiles, might be said to charge bayonets, and attack their foes hand to hand. The ranks of the Guard were of course entirely broken, and every individual soldier had to dispute every inch he proceeded, with a thousand determined annoyers. The temper of the good old veterans was put to dreadful trial by this organized system of molestation; but it is remarkable, that a "dam her shoul!" or some such exclamation, was in general the only expression of their wrath. Upon one occasion, however, about the period of the French Revolution, when the mob assumed a much fiercer and more malicious character than formerly or since, John Dhu, a high-spirited soldierly man, was so exasperated by the persecution of an individual, that he turned about at the Cross, and hewed him down with one stroke of his Lochaber-axe. In-

deed, the following verse of Robert Fergusson shows that the Guard were not always to be insulted with impunity.

> " Oh soldiers! for your ain dear sakes,
> For Scotland's, *alias* Land o' Cakes,
> Gie not her bairns sic deadly paiks,
> Nor be sae rude,
> Wi' firelock or Lochaber-axe,
> To spill their blude."

After the Town-guard was fairly housed, the mob was obliged to seek other objects, whereupon to vent their ignoble rage; and, accordingly, the High Street, from the Luckenbooths to the Netherbow, becoming now the field of action, every well-dressed or orderly-looking person, who happened to intrude upon the hallowed district, was sure to be assailed. The above-quoted poet, who no doubt often saw or mixed in these scenes, describes the subsequent events of the day in his usual spirited manner:—

> " Now round and round the serpents whizz,
> Wi' hissin' wrath and angry fizz;
> Sometimes they catch a gentle gizz,
> Alack a-day!
> And singe, wi' hair-devouring bizz,
> Its curls away.

" Should th' owner patiently keek round,
To view the nature o' his wound,
Dead pussie, draggled through a pond,
Taks him a lounder,
That lays his honour on the ground
As flat's a flounder!

" The Muse maun also now implore
Auld wives to steek ilk hole and bore;
If Baudrons but slip to the door,
I fear, I fear,
She'll na lang shank upon all-four
This time o' year!"

It was customary with the blackguards who headed the mob, to commit *forcible abduction*, *sans remords*, upon all the cats which they could find, either at the doors or the fire-sides of their disconsolate owners. These hapless innocents were sometimes killed outright, immediately on being caught, before commencing the sport; but, in general, were just tossed about till they expired. A full-sized dead cat was sometimes so far improved by this process of jactation, as to be three feet long, and fit for being tied round the neck of a gentleman, like a cravat. Pieces of furniture, such as chairs and tables, were also occasionally seized in the Cowgate, and thrown about the streets in the same manner. Country-

people were seldom permitted to escape abuse, when observed upon the street. Our informant once saw three unsophisticated rustics, dressed in their best sky-blue coats, standing at the head of the Old Assembly Close, amongst the women and children who usually took such stations in order to *see the fun.* The poor men were laughing heartily at the mischief they witnessed,—their cachinnations being no more heard amidst the uproar, than their persons were seen amongst the crowd. But suddenly, for some reason or other, the noise of the mob, sinking down to a low note, like the sea subsiding round a stake, left the voices of the honest country folks quite prominent above the circumjacent *hum;* and of course had the effect of directing the attention of all towards the close-head where they stood. The eyes of the mob instantly caught their happy faces, and, in the course of the next moment, an hundred hands were raised with the purpose of throwing crackers, serpents, dead cats, &c., at their heads. Seeing themselves thus made objects of attack, they turned in horror and dismay, and fled down the close. Having the start of their

pursuers, they had almost effected their escape, when a stout fellow, more impetuous than the rest, rushing headlong through the *close-mouth*, hurled after them a bruised and battered calf's-head, which had been a well-known and familiar missile throughout the High Street during the whole afternoon, and which, striking the last of the fugitives full in the back, went to pieces where it alighted, darkening with blood and brains the shade of the coat, and laying the luckless rustic prostrate on the ground.

After the mob succeeded in chasing every proper object of mischief from the street, they usually fell to and attacked each other, in a promiscuous *mêllée*, till, worn out by fatigue, and fully satisfied with *fun*, they separated perhaps about ten o'clock, after having kept undisputed possession of the town for at least ten hours.

It is needless to say, that, since the organization of the present system of Police, the celebration of the King's birth-day has ceased to be distinguished by any of the above outrages.

## AND MODERN RENTS, Etc.

The rents of both shops and houses were formerly as moderate as they are now extravagant. Few shops, even in the best situations, previous to the renovation of the city, were let at a higher rent than L. 12. Some of these are now let at L. 100. Fifteen pounds used to be thought a very high rent, and such as only the most respectable and wealthy *merchants* could prudently venture upon. A firm of great respectability—Hamilton and Dalrymple, clothiers, who individually held at different times the office of Chief Magistrate of Edinburgh,—rented their large ware-house, in the second flat of the house immediately west of the Royal Exchange, at L. 15. When the new shops on the Bridge were finished, about 1773, some of them were let at the unusual and enormous expense of L. 30, L. 40, and L. 50. This was the subject of many a speculation and prediction among the old sure gentlemen of the Parliament Close and the Krames, who looked out from their *cruives* upon the splendour of mo-

dern enterprise, with feelings similar perhaps to those of the aboriginal water-rats upon the banks of an Indian river, when, peeping from their holes, they behold, for the first time, the lonely waters visited by the splendid vehicles of commerce and civilization. As they met at the Cross, one would say to another—"Weel, have you heard the news?"—"What is't noo?"—"Oh, another of the shops on the Brig let for forty pounds." Then there was a holding up of hands and a turning up of eyes, and the ruin of the speculator prognosticated as a certainty. Nevertheless, all the persons who first took these dear shops prospered exceedingly, and many of them were the founders of thriving families. We need not mention, that shops equal to these in point of situation, are now in general let at L. 200.

Private houses were formerly as cheap as shops. A flat in the third or fourth storey, consisting of six apartments, and then considered sufficient for the accommodation of a genteel family, cost about six pounds a-year. Most of the Senators of the College of Justice occupied houses at about twelve and fifteen. Lord Kilkerran's house in Forrest-

er's Wynd was L. 20—but then it was warranted "*free of bugs and smoke.*" What would these old lords of seat think, if they were to rise from their graves, and see their living successors in houses rented at from one to three hundred pounds!

We subjoin some curious *notulæ*, connected and unconnected with this subject, which we have gleaned from a newspaper of the year 1754.

1. Rent of a house in Gosford's Close, Lawn-Market, being the second and third flats of the large land on the west side of the head thereof—afterwards partly occupied as Lodgings by the Earl of Loudon—L. 12.

2. A house opposite the Cross-Well, on the north side of the street, entry from Craig's Close, occupied by Mrs Rochead of Inverleith.*

3. Rent of a large well-frequented grocery-shop, at the head of the West Bow, completely fitted up, and having attached to it a house of seven or eight rooms, with cellars, &c.—L. 17.

4. Lord Milton lived in the Royal-Bank Close—in a house containing eleven rooms, with garrets.

5. Races advertised to be run at Portobello.

* The first Mr Rochead of Inverleith was a town-clerk of Edinburgh in the time of Charles II.; and we have heard the following traditionary account of his purchasing that estate. Having been, by way of a job, employed in fitting up all the wood-work of the Palace of Holyrood House, upon the renovation of that edifice in 1676, the debt incurred upon this account by the Crown was not discharged for many years; and after the Revolution, when Mr Rochead almost despaired of payment, his account, made out in Scotch money, was sent by the managers of the Scotish Exchequer to King William at London, as a sort of last resource. To the town-clerk's great joy and surprise, he was shortly after paid the whole sum in pounds Sterling---equivalent to twelve payments in pounds Scotish!---and this enabled him to purchase the property of Inverleith, which happened to be then in the market.

6. Rents of two houses on the east side of Halkerston's Wynd—L. 1. 13. 4., and L. 1. 10. The latter was occupied by Malcolm Macivor, cook, probably the husband of Mrs Macivor, the authoress of the well known Cookery-book.

7. James Miller, "*Merchant in the Parliament House*," advertises, that he can cut whalebone better than any other person in town.

8. Shearers hired at the West Port, at 4d. and 4½d. a day.

7. A stage coach set up to run to London in a fortnight—the intervening Sunday being spent quite in a cool, deliberate, easy way, at Burrowbridge, where, we suppose, the passengers would go to church, and recruit themselves after the fatigues and jostlings of the preceding week.

10. Between 1754 and 1825, no such change seems to have taken place in any thing as in the system of advertising in newspapers. At the former period, and even till near the end of the century, it was thought discreditable in a shop-keeper to advertise oftener than once in a twelvemonth; and many never advertised at all. When any of the North Bridge liberals exceeded, as they occasionally did, that limit, the Parliament-Close gentlemen would remark—"He's been adverteezing at least thrice last year—faith, he'll no stand lang!" In the Courant for 1754, there are very few advertisements, and these only refer to sales of landed property, vessels sailing, roups of corn and rye-grass fields, arrivals of uncommon articles at shops, quack-medicines, and a few new publications. The price of advertising must have then been very moderate; for, in some cases, houses are advertised as to be let in every paper for nearly a whole twelvemonth; and we observe the announcement of a new-colted ass for sale, repeated over and over again, long after the animal must have lost all pretensions to that description.

11. Advertisements such as the following were very frequent in 1753: "A gentlemen will set out for London in a Post Chaise about the middle of next month, and wants a companion. He is to be found at Balfour's Coffee-house, by any person who desires to go along."

er's Wynd was L. 20—but then it was warranted "*free of bugs and smoke.*" What would these old lords think, if they were to rise from their graves and see their living successors in houses rented at from one to three hundred pounds!

## BICKERS.

It was formerly customary with the boys of Edinburgh, to have pitched battles, called *bickers*, in which stones were the principal or only weapons. Such conflicts were of frequent occurrence, and usually took place on Saturday afternoons, when all the school-boys, including the youths educated in the hospitals, were "free to rove." The time and place of a bicker was sometimes determined beforehand, while, in general, they were the immediate result of a challenge passed between the parties; and the ground pitched upon, was usually such as appeared most convenient at the time, or least exposed to the notice of the public authorities. The Calton Hill, the ground between the New and Old Towns, Canonmills, and the Meadows, were often adopted as proper battle-grounds; but it very often hap-

pened that a bicker, from first to last, extended over a good deal of surface; for one or other of the parties was always either advancing or retreating; and a bicker has been known to commence at Bellevue, to rush swiftly across the town, and die away *in remoto gramine* at the Braid Hills. The parties opposed to each other were usually the boys of the Old Town *versus* those of the New, the High School against Heriot's and Watson's Hospital, and sometimes the two last were the antagonists of each other. It formed one of the most ludicrous features of these contests, that, whenever the Town Guard appeared, to quell the riot, both parties, in an instant forgetting their animosity, like two rival little states in a case of equal danger from a great one, joined their strengths and attacked the common foe. About the year 1777, bickers were in their glory —insomuch that every evening, a little before dusk, the idle young men of the town met, with the utmost regularity, upon the ground now occupied by the Bridewell, Jail, and London Road, and had a multifarious and confused combat with stones and sticks, till parted by fatigue, severity of wounds, or the approach of night.

——— Edinburgh, hich and triumphand toune,
Within thy bounds richt merrie haif I bene.
SIR DAVID LYNDSAY.

Auld Reekie! wale o' ilka toon
That Scotland kens ———————;
Whare coothie chields at e'enin' meet,
Their bizzin' craigs and mous to weet,
And blythely gar auld Care gae by,
Wi' blinkin and wi' bleerin' eye.
ROBERT FERGUSSON'S "*Auld Reekie.*"

TAVERN DISSIPATION, now so rare amongst the respectable classes of the community, formerly prevailed in Edinburgh to an incredible extent, and engrossed the leisure hours of all professional men, scarcely excepting even the most stern and dignified. No rank, class, or profession, indeed, formed an exception to this rule. Nothing was so common in the morning, as to meet a nobleman or two reeling home from a close in the High Street, where they had spent the whole night in drinking. Nor was it unusual to find the half of his Majesty's most honourable Lords of Council and Session mounting the Bench, in the

forenoon, in a state little removed from absolute civilation. A gentleman one night stepping into Johnnie Dowie's, opened a side-door, and, looking into the room, saw a sort of *agger* or heap of snoring drunkards upon the floor, while the gleams of an expiring candle illuminated the wreck and *débris* of a perfect pitched battle of Bacchus, which lay strewed about the table and the room. "Wha may thae be, Mr Dowie?" enquired the visitor.—"Oh," quoth Johnnie, in his usual quiet imperturbable way, "just twa-three o' Sir Willie's drucken clerks!"—meaning the gentlemen employed in Sir William Forbes's banking-house, whom, of all earthly mortals, one would have expected to be decent fellows, as they now (of course) are.

To the testimony of this striking anecdote may be added that of all published works descriptive of Edinburgh during the last century—as Humphry Clinker, Topham's Letters, Newte's Tour, Defoe's Tour, Arnot's Edinburgh, and Mr Campbell's Tour in Scotland. Even in the preceding century, if we are to believe Taylor the Waterpoet, there was no superabundance of sobriety in

the town. " The worst thing," says that sly humourist, in his Journey, (1623,) " was, that wine and ale were so scarce, and the people such misers of it, that every night before I went to bed, if any man had asked me a civil question, all the wit in my head could not have made him a sober answer."

Perhaps the most unequivocal mark of the conviviality of the last age, is presented by the poem of which our second motto forms the exordium. In this production of one who knew Edinburgh well, it is a circumstance strikingly characteristic either of the author or his subject, that, in the very second couplet, allusion is made to the convivial propensities of the inhabitants. In apostrophising the capital of Scotland, we might have expected some allusion to its romantic history or picturesque localities, such as that of Burns, perhaps, in his beautiful " Address to Edina." But, instead of this, the first and prominent idea of the poet turns out to be, that Edinburgh is a choice place for drinking and merry-making. It is also remarkable, that, throughout the whole of " Auld Reekie," he is perpetually

recurring, in the midst of general descriptions, to the subject of tippling. Taverns, clubs, reeling drunkards, and the Town-guard, with whom these gentlemen came so often in contact, are the staple themes of the poem. Wherever he indulges in allusion to other matters, it is only by way of digression. He occasionally, as it were, steps out into the fresh air, to see

> " ——— Morn, wi' bonnie purple smiles,
> Kissin' the air-cock o' Saunt Giles;"

but, quickly, finding the air a little keen, and taking no interest in what he sees abroad, he turns again down the close, to his favourite tavern, where he solaces himself, and prosecutes the composition of his poem, over his landlady's coal-fire and what he is pleased to call " the comforts o' a burnin' gill."

Whether this constant harping upon the convivial delights of Edinburgh, should be entirely referred to the poet's own propensities and peculiar turn of mind, or considered as a faithful picture of the common manners of the period, is a question of some delicacy. It may be allowed, that the subject was in a great measure congenial

with the mind of the poet, and suited to the lively nature of his poem; yet we apprehend, that all who can remember the recent period of Fergusson, will attest, in sober earnest, that, in reality, he only does his duty as a descriptive poet, by giving the bacchanalianism of the city so glaring a prominence above all its other characteristics. We may mournfully add, that it was to the fierce and endless debaucheries of this period, that we owed the loss of the promising young poet himself, as well as that of the still more precious Burns, whose mind was first tainted in a great measure by his deep carousals here, and who never shook off the impressions they communicated to his habits and character.*

Having established the simple fact, that the bacchanalianism of the last generation was excessive, we shall proceed to give anecdotes and other circumstantial illustrations of the same—

* One of the poet's last exclamations upon his death-bed is said to have been—"Oh, thae Edinburgh Gentles—if it hadna been for them, I had a constitution wad hae stude ony thing!"—While Burns lived in Edinburgh, he suffered a great deal from a singular disease affecting his stomach, liver, and tongue, so as to prevent him from taking any food; and this was greatly aggravated by his intemperance.

premising, that the festivities of which we are to treat, were chiefly conducted under the form of *Clubs*, and that there was an incredible number of these associations.

The LAWN-MARKET CLUB was composed chiefly of the woollen-traders of that street, a set of whom met every morning about seven o'clock, and walked down to the Post-office, where they made themselves acquainted with the news of the morning. After a plentiful discussion of the news, they adjourned to a public-house, and got a dram of brandy. As a sort of ironical and self-inflicted satire upon the strength of their potations, they sometimes called themselves the *Whey Club*. They were always the first persons in the town to have a thorough knowledge of the foreign news; and on Wednesday mornings, when there was no post from London, it was their wont to meet as usual, and, in the absence of real news, amuse themselves by the invention of what was imaginary; and this they made it their business to circulate among their uninitiated acquaintances in the course of the forenoon. Any such unfounded articles of intelligence, on being suspected or dis-

covered, were commonly called *Lawn-market Gazettes*, in allusion to their roguish originators.

Many of the persons who composed the WHEY CLUB, and some others throughout the town, were so devotedly attached to tippling, that they usually recommenced drinking ardent liquors at eleven o'clock, and continued in a sort of intermittent fever of dram-drinking till the evening, when the labours of the day were crowned with an unrestrained debauch.

It was then the custom of all the shop-keepers in Edinburgh to drink what they called their *meridian*. This was a very moderate debauch, —consisting only in a glass of usquebaugh and a draught of small ale. The custom flourished in great vigour about the Cross and in the Lawnmarket. At noon, the shop was left to the care of the shopman or the wife—who was frequently to be found behind the counter even in the best shops. The chief resort of the merchants around the Cross, was a small public-house in Craig's Close, kept by a Mrs Rutherford. Here also a small club or two were held. The meridian, as aforesaid, consisted in whisky and beer.

The butchers mixed both these together, and called the result *pap-in*. But all other persons drunk the whisky separate—wisely judging, that they thus had a better sense of its superior quality. The beer was presented in a caup, common to the whole company, and with it was sometimes mixed a little oat-meal. Occasionally, when the landlady happened to be in particularly good humour, a few mussels were handed *ben*, in a saucer, for a relish. The whole business of the meridian usually took up little more than ten minutes; and astronomers know that the very Sun itself seems to put off as much time at the crisis of noon, ere he determines upon descending.

Mrs Rutherford was a respectable old *widow-woman*,* whose father, as she was fond of telling, had been one of the architects of Dalkeith-House, which was built at the end of the seventeenth century. She was enabled to set up business by a club of six persons, who met nightly in her house, and were its acknowledged patrons. Her character was excellent. She was kindly,

* This term distinguishes the *vidua* from the *viduus*, who, in Scotish phrase, is called a *widow*.

good-humoured, and, though a landlady, even hospitable. She had at least a sort of *routhness* in her manner of dealing, which endeared her to all her customers. A *farl o' cakes*, a tankard of reaming ale, "a crum o' tripe," sometimes even a *gude buffed haddock*, or,

> "——— caller frae the seas,
> A fleuk or whiting,"

were always at the command of her friends; and for such supererogatory comforts no charge was ever made. She was altogether an admirable specimen of the *douce*, good, leal-hearted Scotch-woman of the old school, as existing previous to the late revolutions in our national manners. She was incredibly punctual, too, in all her movements, and was never seen out of her own house. There is an anecdote, which may give the reader a curious idea of her almost hermit-like abstraction from the affairs of the external world. When the North Bridge fell, after being nearly completed, the whole town was thrown into a state of consternation, and nothing else was talked of for several days. Mrs Rutherford, in the course of performing her usual demure and

quiet functions, heard a few whisperings of what had taken place, by which her curiosity was so much excited, that she said to one of her customers next day—"Dearsake! whatna drither's a' this about a brig faun—whatna brig is't?" The good old creature was actually ignorant of the erection of a bridge in her immediate neighbourhood—a public undertaking of great magnitude, which had occupied the attention of every class of the inhabitants of Edinburgh for several years. Her own small house of three rooms, and the humble concerns which there engaged her daily and nightly attention, had been so sufficient to engross all her mind and her time!

There lived, somewhere in the Potter-row, an old lady somewhat like Mrs Rutherford of Craig's Close, and whose quiet little public-house was also the resort of a select junto of meridian-drinkers. All the lawyers who lived in George's Square, and the other southern suburbs of respectability, were in the habit of calling upon this good lady every day in passing home from the Court, and drinking, *from her own bottle*, one full and complete glass of brandy—but

no more. They did not pay for this at the time, or appear as if they understood they were in a tavern at all, but at regular periodical terms met and settled with Mrs ——— for all their dues at once; and she thus evaded the purchase of a licence for retailing liquors, as well as the imputation of keeping an open tavern. This is a remarkable picture of the snug regularity of some of the better sorts of tipplers during the last century, and of the universal sympathy with those who wished to break or elude the laws of the land. Mr Walter Scott, W. S., father of the present Sir Walter, was one of Mrs ———'s customers, for a long course of years.

It will be observed, that a benevolent purpose mingled with the moderate sensualities of both the above associations; and this was not unusual. But it was in the evening that the tavern-debaucheries assumed their proper character of unpalliated fierceness and destructive duration. In the words of Robert Fergusson—

> "Now night, that cunzied thief for fun,
> Is with her usual rites begun.
>
> * * * *

——— Some to porter, some to punch,
Retire; while noisy ten-hours drum
Gars a' the trades gang danderin' hame.
Now mony a club, jocose and free,
Gie' a' to merriment and glee;
Wi' sang and glass, they fley the power
O' care, that wad harass the hour.
* * * *
——— Chief, O CAPE! we crave thy aid,
To get our cares and poortith laid.
Sincerity and genius true,
O' knights have ever been the due.
Mirth—music—porter deepest-dyed,
Are never here to worth denied."

All the shops in the town were then shut at eight o'clock, and from that hour till ten, when the drum of the Town-guard announced at once a sort of licence for the deluging of the streets with nuisances, and a warning of the inhabitants home to their beds—unrestrained scope was given to the delights of the table. No tradesman thought of going home to his family, till after he had spent an hour or two at his club. This was universal and unfailing. Even at the present day, we know an old-fashioned shop-keeper, who nightly shuts his shop at eight o'clock, and then adjourns, with two old friends who call upon him at that hour, to a respectable old public-house, on the opposite side of the way, where

they each drink precisely one bottle of Edinburgh ale, eat precisely one halfpenny roll, and get upon their legs precisely at the first stroke of ten o'clock.

The CAPE CLUB, alluded to by Robert Fergusson, aspired to a refined and classical character, comprising, amongst its numerous members, many men of talents, as well as of private worth. Fergusson himself was a member; as were Mr Thomas Sommers, his friend and biographer; Mr Woods, a player of eminence on the humble boards of Edinburgh, and an intimate companion of the poet; and Mr Runciman, the celebrated painter.* The name of the club had its foundation in one of those weak jokes, such as "gentle

* Runciman taught a drawing-class in the College. An old lady, who attended the same in her young days, informs us, that this ingenious man had much of the susceptibility which characterized the best painters of the Italian school, and could not help being partial to the best-looking of his female-pupils. The result was, that he showed them undue attentions as a teacher, by assisting them in their lessons. Three tall and pretty young ladies were, she remembers, dreadfully disappointed at a public examination by the Board of Trustees, when these impartial judges detected the too-fine strokes of Mr Runciman in their essays, and awarded the appropriate prizes to three less tall and less pretty young ladies, whose pieces were considered more genuine, though less beautifully executed.

dullness ever loves," and such as seemed to keep alive, by their unassisted wretchedness, for many years, the numerous associations which appeared to be nominally founded upon them. A person who lived in the suburbs of Calton, was in the custom of spending an hour or two every evening with one or two city friends; and being sometimes detained till after the regular period when the Netherbow Port was shut, it occasionally happened that he had either to remain in the city all night, or was under the necessity of bribing the porter who attended the gate. This difficult *pass*—partly on account of the rectangular corner which he turned, immediately on getting out of the Port, as he went homewards down Leith Wynd—and partly, perhaps, (if the reader will pardon a very humble pun,) because a *nautical* idea was most natural and appropriate on the occasion of being *half-seas-over*—the Calton burgher facetiously called *doubling the Cape;* and, as it was customary with his friends, every evening when they assembled, to enquire "how he turned the Cape last night," and, indeed, to make that circumstance and that phrase, night after night,

the subject of their conversation and amusement, "the Cape," in time, became so assimilated with their very existence, that they adopted it as a title; and it was retained as such by the organized club into which, shortly after, they thought proper to form themselves. The Cape Club owned a regular institution from 1763; so that this anecdote, which we had from a very aged gentleman, must be a pretty old story. It will scarcely be credited in the present day, when mankind are amused by such different means, that a jest of the above nature would keep an assemblage of rational citizens, and, we may add, professed wits, merry, after a thousand repetitions! Yet, it is absolutely true, that the patron-jests of many a numerous and enlightened association were no better than this, and the greater part of them much worse. As instance the following:—

There was the ANTEMANUM CLUB, of which the members used to boast of the state of their hands, before-hand, in playing at Brag. The members were all men of respectability, some of them gentlemen of fortune; including Mr Clerk of Eldin, the present Lord Gillies, the late

Mr Mansfield of Midmar, Lord Newton, &c. They met every Saturday, and dined. It was at first a purely convivial club; but latterly, the Jacobin party gaining a sort of preponderance, it degenerated into a political association.

The PIOUS CLUB was composed of decent orderly citizens, who met every night, Sundays not excepted, in a *pye-house*, and whose joke was the *équivoque* of these expressions, similar in sound, but different in signification. The agreeable uncertainty as to whether their name arose from their *piety*, or the circumstance of their eating *pies*, kept the club hearty for many years. At their Sunday meetings, the conversation usually took a serious turn—perhaps upon the sermons which they had respectively heard during the day; so that their title of *Pious* was not altogether undeserved. Moreover, they were all, as the saying was, *ten-o'clock-men*, and of good character. Fifteen persons were considered as constituting a very full night. The whole allowable debauch was a gill of toddy to each person, which was drunk, like wine, out of a common decanter.

The SPENDTHRIFT CLUB took its name from the extravagance of the members in spending no less a sum than fourpence-halfpenny each night! It consisted of respectable citizens of the middle class, and still exists in a modified state. The club has met for the last fifty years in a house, Wardrop's Court, Lawn-market; and before that period, the place of meeting was in Gosford's Close, on the south side of the Lawn-market. The *Spendthrift*, until very lately, met six nights in the week; at present only four. They played at whist for a halfpenny—one, two, three—no rubbers. For some time past, they have, with their characteristic extravagance, doubled the stake! Supper originally cost no less than twopence; and half a bottle of strong ale, with a dram, moreover, stood every member twopence-halfpenny; to all which sumptuous profusion, might be added still another halfpenny, which was given to the maid-servant—in all fivepence! Of late years, the dram has been disused; but such has been the general increase, either in the cost or the quantity of the indulgences, that

the usual nightly expense is now one shilling, or one-and-fourpence. The winnings at whist are always thrown into the reckoning. An old practice still obtains here; namely, a large two-quart bottle, or tappit-hen, is introduced by the landlady, with a small measure, out of which the company help themselves; and the members make up their own bill with chalk upon the table. In the recollection of the senior members, some of whom are of fifty years standing, the house was kept by the widow of a Lieutenant Hamilton of the army, who recollected having attended the theatre in the Tennis-Court at Holyrood-House, when the play was the *Spanish Friar*, and when many of the members of the *Union Parliament* were present in the house.

The Boar Club was an association of a different sort, consisting chiefly of wild, fashionable, young men; and the place of meeting was not in any of the snug profundities of the Old Town, but in a modern tavern in Shakspeare Square, kept by one Daniel Hogg. The *joke* of this club consisted in the supposition that all the members were *boars*—that their room was a *sty*—that their

talk was *grunting*—and in the *double entendre* of the small piece of stone-ware, which served as a repository of all the fines, being a *pig*. Upon this they lived twenty years. We have, at some expense of eye-sight, and with no small exertion of patience, perused the soiled and blotted records of the club, which are still preserved by an old vintner whose house was their last place of meeting; and the result has been the following memorabilia. The Boar-Club commenced its meetings in 1787; and the original members were J. G. C. Schetky, David Shaw, Archibald Crawfuird, Patrick Robertson, Robert Alridge, (a celebrated actor and dancing-master,) James Neilson, and Luke Cross. Some of these were remarkable men, in particular Mr Schetky, the late distinguished musician, and the father of that ingenious sketcher, Mr —— Schetky, marine-painter to his Majesty. This curious old gentleman was by birth a German, and came to Edinburgh about the beginning of the last King's reign. He used to tell, that on alighting at Ramsay's Inn, opposite the Cowgate Port, his first impression of the ity was so unfavourable, that he was on the point

of leaving it again, without further acquaintance, and was only prevented from doing so by the solicitations of his fellow-traveller, who was not so much alarmed at the dingy and squalid appearance of this part of "Auld Reekie."* He was first employed at St Cecilia's Hall, where the concerts, forty years ago, were attended by all the "rank, beauty, and fashion," of which Edinburgh could then boast, and where, besides the professional performers, many amateurs of great musical skill and enthusiasm, such as Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee,† were pleased to exhibit them-

* This highly appropriate popular *sobriquet* cannot be traced beyond the reign of Charles the Second. A curious and recondite tradition assigns the following as the origin of the phrase. An old patriarchal gentleman in Fife, designated Durham of Largo, was in the habit, at the period mentioned, of regulating the time of evening-worship by the appearance of the smoke of Edinburgh, which he could easily see, through the clear summer twilight, from his own door. When he observed the smoke increase in density, in consequence of the good folks of the city preparing their supper, he would call all the family into the house, saying—"It's time noo, bairns, to tak the beuks, and gang to our beds, for yonder's Auld Reekie, I see, putting on her nicht-cap!"

† This gentleman, the "revered defender of beauteous Stuart," and the surviving friend of Allan Ramsay, had an unaccountable aversion to cheese, and not only forbade the appearance of that article upon his table, but also its introduction into his house. His family, who did not partake in

selves, for the amusement of their friends—who alone were admitted by tickets. Mr Schetky composed the march of a body of volunteers, called the Edinburgh Defensive Band, which was raised out of the citizens of Edinburgh at the time of the American War, and was commanded by the celebrated Mr Crosbie. One of the verses to which the march was set, may be given as an admirable specimen of *militia poetry* :—

> Colonel Crosbie takes the field,
> To France and Spain he will not yield ;

this antipathy, sometimes smuggled a small quantity of cheese into the house, and eat it in secret ; but he almost always discovered it by the *smell*, which was the sense it chiefly offended. Upon scenting the object of his disgust, he would start up, and run distractedly through the house, in search of it, and not compose himself again to his studies, till it was thrown out of doors. Some of his ingenious children, by way of a joke, once got into their possession the coat with which he usually went to the Court, and, ripping up the sutures of one of its wide old-fashioned skirts, sewed up therein a considerable slice of double Gloster. Mr Tytler was next day almost struck dead with surprise, when, sitting near the Bar, he perceived the smell of the cheese rising around him. " Cheese here too!" cried the querulous old gentleman ; " nay, then, the whole world must be conspiring against me!" So saying, he rose, and ran home, to tell his piteous case to Mrs Tytler and the children, who became convinced, from this, that his olfactory faculties really possessed the singular delicacy and fastidiousness, in respect of the effluvia arising from cheese, which they formerly thought to be fanciful.

> But still maintains his high command,
> At the head of the noble Defensive Band.*

Mr Schetky was one of the founders of the Boar Club. He was in the habit of meeting every night with Alridge, and one or two other professional men, or gentlemen who affected the society of such persons, in Hogg's tavern; and it was the host's name that suggested the idea of calling their society the "*Boar*-Club." Their laws were first written down in proper form in 1790. They were to meet every evening at seven o'clock—each *boar*, on his entry, to contribute a half-penny to the *pig*. Mr Alridge was to be perpetual *Grand-Boar*, with Mr Schetky for his deputy; and there were other officers, entitled Secretary, Treasurer, and Procurator-Fiscal. A fine of one halfpenny was imposed upon every person who called one of his brother-boars by his proper out-of-club name—the term "sir" being only allowed.

* The dress of the Edinburgh Defensive Band was as follows:—A cocked hat, black stock, hair tied and highly powdered; dark-blue long-tailed coat, with full lapells sloped away to show the white dimity vest; nankeen small-clothes; white thread stockings, ribbed or plain; short nankeen spatterdashes. Old Mr Kay has some ingenious caricatures, in miniature, of these redoubted Burntsfield-Links and Heriot's-Green warriors, scarcely one of whom now survives.

The entry-monies, fines, and other pecuniary acquisitions, were hoarded for the provision of a grand annual dinner. The laws were revised in 1799, when some new officials were constituted, such as Poet-Laureat, Champion, Arch-bishop, and Chief-Grunter. The fines were then rendered exceedingly severe; and in their exaction no one met with any mercy, as it was the interest of all the rest, that the *pig* should bring forth as plenteous a *farrow* as possible at the grand dinner-day. This practice at length occasioning a violent insurrection in the *sty*, the whole fraternity was broken up, and never again returned to "wallow in the mire."

The HELL-FIRE CLUB, a terrible and infamous association of wild young men, about the beginning of the last century, met in various profound places throughout Edinburgh—as Allan's Close, Halkerston's Wynd, and Carrubber's Close. They had also a lodge in Jack's Close, Canongate, where they practised orgies not more fit for seeing the light than the Eleusinian Mysteries. We have conversed with old people, who had seen the last worn-out members of the Hell-fire Club, which,

in the country, is, to this day, believed to have been an association in compact with the Evil One.

The SWEATING CLUB flourished about the middle of the last century. They resembled the Mohocks mentioned in the Spectator. After intoxicating themselves, it was their custom to sally forth at midnight, and attack whomsoever they met upon the streets. Any luckless wight who happened to fall into their hands, was chased, jostled, pinched, and pulled about, till he not only perspired, but was ready to drop down and die with exhaustion. Even so late as the early years of this century, it is a well-known fact, that it was unsafe to walk the streets of Edinburgh at night, on account of the numerous drunken parties of young men, who then reeled about, bent on mischief, at all hours, and from whom the Town-guard were quite unable to protect the sober citizen.

The present NEW CLUB is the offspring of an old club of a similar nature, which formerly met in Bayle's Tavern, Shakespeare Square, and consisted altogether in men of rank and consequence,

—such as, Baron Gordon of the Exchequer, the late Mr Fergusson of Raith, Sir John Whitefoord, Mr Campbell of Monzie, and the Honourable Andrew Erskine, (brother of the Earl of Kelly, and grandson of Pitcairn, whose wit and genius he appears to have inherited.)

A club, called the INDUSTRIOUS COMPANY, may serve to show how far the system of drinking was carried by our fathers. This was a sort of joint-stock company, formed by a numerous set of porter-drinkers, who thought fit to club towards the formation of a stock of these liquors, which they might partly profit by retailing, and partly by the opportunity thus afforded them of drinking their own particular tipple at the wholesale price. Their cellars were in the Royal Bank Close, where they met every night at eight o'clock. Each member paid at his entry L. 5, and took his turn monthly of the duty of superintending the general business of the company. But the curse of joint-stock-companies—negligence on the part of the managers—ultimately occasioned the ruin of the Industrious Company.

Edinburgh boasted of numerous other clubs,

of which a catalogue, with the particular joke of each—the whole arranged in two columns—might amuse the reader. But we shall content ourselves with a more summary and general notice. There were the Caledonian Club—the Wig Club—the Faculty Club—the Union Club—the Club of Creehallions, &c. &c.* The two first met in Fortune's Tavern, in the Old Stamp-Office Close, formerly the mansion of the Earl of Eglintoune. The Wig Club was remarkable for eating *Souters' Clods*, and drinking the old Scotish ale called *two-penny*, upon which, we have heard old people say, it was possible to get most satisfactorily drunk for a groat. Other clubs met at Fortune's, com-

* P.S. There were also the BANNET LAIRDS, all of whom sat with broad blue Scotish bonnets—the SKULL CLUB, the members of which drank their liquor out of a human skull—the DIRTY CLUB, none of whom durst appear with clean linen—AULD HERIOTERS and AULD WATSONERS, composed of persons who had been educated in Heriot's and Watson's Hospitals,—ODD FELLOWS, who still meet, and who write all their names *upside down*—BLACK WIGS, all of whom wore black wigs. Of this last Gavin Wilson, a grim old Presbyterian poet, who figured much in the persecutions of the Roman Catholics in 1779, was a member. Gavin was also an ingenious mechanist in leather, and over his shop at the head of Leith Wynd had a sign bearing, in fair characters, "GAVIN WILSON, LEATHER-LEG-MAKER, *but not* TO HIS MAJESTY!"

prising all the fortune, talent, vices, humour, and learning of the passing age. And here Lord Hopetoun, when Lord Commissioner in the General Assembly, gave his grand entertainments, to which ladies of rank were then invited on all the public days. The joke of the Faculty Club was, that every one sat with a gown and wig, and was considered as a person connected with the healing art.

In the year 1705, when the Duke of Argyll was Commissioner in the Scotish Parliament, a singular kind of fashionable club, or coterie of ladies and gentlemen, was instituted, chiefly by the exertions of the Earl of Selkirk, who was the distinguished beau of that age. This was called the HORN ORDER, a name which, as usual, had its origin in the accidental whim of a moment. A horn-spoon having been used at some merry meeting, it occurred to the club, which was then in embryo, that this homely implement would be a good badge for the projected society; and, this being proposed, it was instantly agreed, by all the party, that the "order of the horn" would be a good caricature of the more ancient and better-

sanctioned honorary dignities. The phrase was of course adopted; and the members of the *Horn Order* met and caroused for many a day under this strange designation, which, however, the common people believed to mean more than met the ear. Indeed, if all accounts of it be true, it must have been a species of masquerade, in which the sexes were mixed, and all ranks confounded.

About this period, all species of debauchery prevailed to an extent which gives us a scandalous idea of the "good old times." It was then nothing unusual for the Judges of the Court of Session, after rising from their cups, to come, in a band, down the High Street, singing bacchanalian songs, committing acts of outrage, and publicly accosting such personages, as would now bring disgrace upon the humblest of the citizens. In the private *Diurnal* of a Session Lord of this period, which we have perused, it is observable, that not a night passes without some expense having been incurred at taverns and houses of questionable fame, and that his brethren were his constant companions in all his excesses.—Some tradition

ary stories are also told, which seem to involve the good name of the ladies to as great a degree as that of his Majesty's State-Officers. Three gentlewomen one night had a merry-meeting in a tavern near the Cross, where they sat till they were all pretty jocose. After leaving the house, and ascending to the street, they scarcely remembered where they were; but as it was good moonlight, they found little difficulty in walking along, till they came down to the Tron Church. Here, however, a prodigious obstacle occurred. As the moon was shining high in the south, it threw the shadow of the steeple directly across the street, from the one side to the other; and the ladies, being no more clear-sighted than they were clear-headed, mistook the same for a broad and rapid river, which they would require to cross before making further way. In this delusion, they sat down upon the brink of the imaginary stream—deliberately took off their shoes and stockings—*kilted* their lower garments, *more Scotico*—and proceeded to wade through to the opposite side; after which, reassuming their shoes and stockings, they went on their way

rejoicing as before!—The following anecdote —(from an aged nobleman)—exhibits the bacchanalian character of our sturdy ancestresses in a different light. During the rising of 1715, the Officers of the Crown in Edinburgh, having procured some important intelligence respecting the motions and intentions of the Jacobites, resolved upon dispatching the same to London by a faithful courier. Of this the party, whose interests would have been so materially affected, got notice; and that evening, as the messenger (a gentleman of birth) was going down the High Street, with the intention of mounting his horse in the Canongate, and immediately setting off, he met two tall handsome ladies, in full dress and wearing black velvet masks, who accosted him with a very easy demeanour and a winning sweetness of voice. Without hesitating a moment as to the quality of these damsels, he instantly proposed to treat them with a pint of claret at a neighbouring tavern; but they said, that, instead of accepting his kindness, they were quite willing to treat *him*, to his heart's content. They then adjourned to the tavern, and, sitting

down, the whole three drank plenteously, merrily, and long, so that the courier seemed at last to forget entirely the mission upon which he was sent, and the danger of the papers which he had about his person. After a pertinacious debauch of several hours, the luckless messenger was at length fairly drunk under the table; and it is needless to add, that the fair nymphs immediately proceeded to strip him of his papers—decamped—and were never more heard of;—though it is but justice to the Scotish ladies of that period, to say, that the robbers were generally believed at the time to be young men disguised in women's clothes.*

The custom which prevailed among ladies, as well as gentlemen, of resorting to what were

* It was very common for Scotish ladies of rank, even till the middle of the last century, to wear black masks, in walking abroad or airing in a carriage. They were kept close to the face by means of a string, having a button of glass or precious stone at the end, which the lady held in her mouth. And this practice, we understand, did not in the least interrupt the flow of tittle-tattle and scandal among the fair wearers.

We are told in a curious paper in the Edinburgh Magazine for August 1817, that, at the period above-mentioned, "though it was a disgrace for ladies to be seen drunk, yet it was none to be a little intoxicated in good company."

called *oyster-cellars*, is in itself a striking proof and indication of the dissolute state of manners during the last century. The entertainments of an oyster-cellar were such as would make a modern fine lady faint at the bare recital. In winter, when the evening had set in, a party of the most fashionable people in town, collected by appointment, would adjourn in carriages to one of those abysses of darkness and comfort, called, in Edinburgh, *laigh shops*, where they proceeded to regale themselves with raw oysters and porter, arranged in huge dishes, upon a coarse table, in a miserable room, lighted by tallow candles. The rudeness of this feast, and the vulgarity of the circumstances under which it took place, seems to have given a zest to its enjoyment, with which more refined banquets could not have been accompanied. The motto assumed by the party, on entering the oyster-cellar, appears to have been—"dulce est desipere in loco;" and, in thus forgetting for a time the rules of good breeding, and the customary formalities of society, a pleasure was perhaps felt, similar to that of our ancient Scotish kings, when, throwing off the robes and

the cares of sovereignty, they sought health, relaxation, and adventure, amongst the meanest of their subjects. One of the chief features of an oyster-cellar entertainment, was, that full scope was given to the conversational powers of the company. Both ladies and gentlemen indulged, without restraint, in sallies the merriest and the wittiest; and a thousand remarks and jokes, which elsewhere would have been considered coarse, were here sanctified by the oddity of the scene, and appreciated in the highest degree by the most dignified and refined. After the table was cleared of the oysters and porter, it was customary to introduce brandy or rum-punch, according to the pleasure of the ladies; after which dancing took place; and when the female part of the assemblage thought proper to retire, the gentlemen again sat down, or adjourned to another tavern, to crown the pleasures of the evening with an unlimited debauch. It is not more than thirty years since the late Lord Melville, the Duchess of Gordon, and some other persons of distinction, who happened to meet in town after

many years of absence, made up an oyster-cellar party, by way of a frolic, and, long after this fashion had been forgot in Edinburgh, devoted one winter evening to the restoration of this almost-forgotten entertainment of their youth.*

* The principal oyster-parties, in old times, took place in Luckie Middlemass's tavern, in the Cowgate, (where the south pier of the Bridge now stands,) which was the resort of Fergusson and his fellow-wits—as witness his own excellent verse:

"When big as burns the gutters rin,
If ye hae catched a droukit skin,
To Luckie Middlemist's loup in,
And sit fu' snug,
Owre Oysters and a dram o' gin,
Or haddock lug.

When auld Saunt Giles, at aught o' clock,
Gar merchant loons their shoppies lock,
There we adjourn wi' hearty fouk,
To birl our bodles,
And get wharewi' to crack our joke,
And clear our noddles.

When Phoebus did his winnocks steek,
How aften, at that ingle cheek,
Did I my frosty fingers beek,
And prie gude fare;
I trow there was na hame to seek,
When stechin there."

At the fashionable parties, the Ladies would sometimes have the oyster-wenches to dance in the ball-room, though they were known to be of the worst character. This went under the convenient name of *Frolic*. We have heard that

*Drinking to save the Ladies* was a custom which will both appear no less shocking to the gentlemen, than the above-mentioned regales must seem to the delicate *bas-bleus* of the Modern Athens. After one of the numerous balls which, fifty years ago, used to be given by clubs, or got up by subscription, it was customary for the gentlemen to retire, change their dancing-dress for one better suited to the intemperate scenes that were to ensue, and then sit down, to *toast* the fair partners with whom they had just parted. This system of toasting was such as we have happily no idea of in the present day. One gentleman would give out the name of some lady, as the most beautiful object in creation, and, by way of attesting what he said, drink one bumper. Another champion would then enter the field, and offer to prove that one certain other lady, whom he named, was a great deal more beautiful than her just mentioned—supporting his assertion by drinking two bumpers. Then the

the said wenches were always excellent dancers; and the *fine* gentlemen of the period had frequently balls in the oyster-taverns, where they were the only females.

other would rise up, declare this to be false, and, in proof of his original statement, as well as by way of turning the scale upon his opponent, drink four bumpers. Not deterred or repressed by this, the second man would reiterate, and conclude by drinking as much as the challenger; who would again start up and drink eight bumpers; and so on in redoubling progression, till one or other of the heroes fell under the table; when of course the fair Delia of the survivor was declared the Queen supreme of beauty by all present. We have seen a very curious sonnet, addressed, on the morning after such a scene of contention, to the lady concerned, by the unsuccessful hero, whose brains appear to have been wofully addled by the claret he had drunk in her behalf.

The custom which prevailed among the leading class of the lawyers, of doing all their business in taverns, which chiefly arose from the necessity of meeting their employers in places more adapted for public resort than their own aerial and inaccessible dwellings, tended to render this vice fashionable among every class. The want or the unpopularity of public amusements, also, caused

people to resort to private indulgences, of course much more dangerous, and not nearly so innocent, as the public exhibitions with which it has been the policy of all other governments, and all other religions, except those of Scotland, to satisfy the popular appetite for amusement, and meet the unavoidable necessity of relaxation. Since the domiciliary accommodations of Edinburgh have been extended, and the theatre ceased to be persecuted by the clergy, our manners have been much improved; but it remains as a proof of one of the above causes of former debauchery, that, in all the country towns in Scotland which happen to be destitute of public amusements, as Edinburgh was seventy years ago, habits of secret bacchanalianism prevail, at this day, to a similar extent.

Sir A. Boswell, in his poem entitled "Edinburgh, or the Ancient Royalty," describes the custom of frequenting taverns in the following lines:—

"No idlers then, I trow, were seen to meet,
Linked, six a row, six hours in Princes Street;
But, one by one, they panted up the hill,
And picked their steps with most uncommon skill;

Then, at the Cross, each joined the motley mob—
" How are ye, Tam ?"—and " How's a' wi' ye, Bob ?"—
Next to a neighbouring tavern all retired,
And draughts of wine their various thoughts inspired.
O'er draughts of wine the beau would moan his love ;—
O'er draughts of wine the cit his bargain drove ;—
O'er draughts of wine the writer penned the will,
And Legal Wisdom counselled o'er a gill."

The greater part of the inhabitants of Edinburgh were not formerly more regular in their expeditions to taverns, than were a certain minority in the invidious task of watching, and making scandal out of the same. The windows and stair-heads of the Luckenbooths, in especial, were the favourite stations of such persons, who, surveying from thence the whole busy *arena* around the Cross, and commanding a view of the avenues to the principal taverns in the neighbourhood, were enabled next day to tell what particular parties had been made up, and what taverns had been resorted to, with considerable precision. Indeed, Edinburgh was little better at that time than a large village, or, in other words, an exaggerated specimen of the drunken and scrupulously decorous little country-towns of the present day.

Of the bacchanalianism of the last-century lawyers, many ludicrous anecdotes might be told. We beg to present the following.

The late Lord Newton is said to have been one of the profoundest drinkers, and at the same time one of the ablest lawyers, of his day. He had a body of immense breadth, width, and depth, which could hold (without affecting in the least degree the broad, wide, and deep head attached to it) six bottles of port; and, what was very remarkable, his Lordship was never so able to do business, as after drinking that enormous quantity of liquor. Upon one occasion, after having dined with two friends, and, to use his own phrase, drunk them both under the table, he dictated to his clerk a law-paper of sixty pages, which that gentleman has since declared to be one of the ablest and clearest he had ever known his lordship produce.—Lord Newton often spent the night in all manner of convivial indulgences, in a tavern somewhere in the High Street; at seven o' clock drove home; slept two hours; and mounting the bench at the proper time, showed himself as well qualified to perform his duty, as if

his fancy had been on this side, instead of beyond the Pole.

Sismondi, the French Traveller, tells in his book (1811), that he was quite surprised, on stepping one morning into the Parliament House, to find in the dignified capacity, and exhibiting all the dignified bearing of a Judge, the very gentleman with whom he had just spent a night of debauch, and from whom he had only parted an hour before, when both were excessively intoxicated.—The following story was once told of Lord Newton by Dr Gregory, to King George the Third, who laughed at it very heartily. While an advocate, a country client, coming to town for the purpose of taking his counsel, enquired at some of Mr Hay's friends at what hour it was proper to call upon him, and was informed that the most propitious time was four o' clock, immediately before the lawyer sat down to dinner. The man accordingly called at four; but was informed, that Mr Hay was at dinner and could see no person—the servant moreover asseverating, that if he were to disturb his master at this critical moment, it would be as much as

his place, or perhaps his life, was worth! The client went away disappointed,—promising, however, to call next day, a little before four. This he did, when what was his surprise, on being informed by the lacquey, that Mr Hay could not possibly see him—being at dinner. "At dinner!" cried the enraged applicant; "Sirrah, did you not tell me that *four* was his dinner-hour, and now it wants a quarter of it!"—"Yes, sir," said the servant, "but it is not his *this day's* but his *yesterday's* dinner, that Mr Hay is engaged with! So you are rather too early than too late!"

The following anecdote of a distinguished last-century lawyer, who is still alive in a high official situation, proves how assimilated and inseparable formerly were the duties of business and the pleasures of drinking. One evening, having to make himself master of a case in which he was interested as a judge, he retired to his room, arranged his papers on his table, had a bottle of port and another of sherry placed for marginal reference beside them, and then sat down to a night of serious and elaborate study. The case

turned out to be very interesting, and, in a short time absorbed his lordship so entirely, that he was sensible of nothing but the case in hand. Delighted as he was, however, with the business, it so happened that in the course of an hour or two after he had sat down, a sort of dullness seized his faculties, and it somehow or other appeared, that he was either grown strangely dim-sighted, or that a bill of suspension had suddenly been brought in force against the proper functions of candles and spectacles. In this dilemma, he rubbed first his eyes and then his spectacles, topped the candle to the quick, rose, shook himself, took a walk through the room, but all without having the effect of making matters clear to his dull apprehension. He then, to his great surprise, tumbled down at full length upon the floor, and fell into a profound sleep. It is supposed that he lay thus for a few hours, when, awaking, he at last perceived the cause of his disorder in the two long-necked bottles, which stood upon the table, making it apparent that his lordship had had too frequent recourse to the *side-notes* in the course of perusing the *text* of his business.

It is told of a certain convivial lord of session,

who died within the last twelve years, that, going home after one of his *Saturday-night* debauches, he stumbled among the *sootymen's bags* at the end of the Old Town-Guard-house in the High Street, and being there overtaken by sleep, did not come to his senses till next forenoon, when the sound of the Tron Kirk bell, rung at ten o' clock, in anticipation of the church-going hour of eleven,* roused him from his dark and dirty lair, in the full view of many persons passing along the street at the time.

The debaucheries of the great lawyers were imitated and followed out by all their satellites and dependants; and it was quite possible that a few Lords of Session and advocates of high practice might be bousing over stoups of French claret, or playing at High Jinks, in Mrs ———'s best room, while the very next apartment contained a set of equally joyous spirits, namely the clerks and apprentices of the said great men, who transacted the same buffooneries, drank the same

* About eighty years ago, ten o' clock was the hour appointed for the commencement of the forenoon service in the churches of Edinburgh.

liquor, swore the same oaths, and retailed the *yesterday's jokes* of their masters. A thousand pictures might be drawn, and ten thousand anecdotes might be told, of these inferior practitioners in the courts of wit and drinking; and this humble record might be lengthened out into volumes, in detailing, as it ought to be detailed, this prodigious and important subject. But we can only afford room for a very few additional traits.—The following tale is told of Jamie M——, one of those singularly accomplished clerks, who, as the story runs, could pen a paper to his master's dictation, quite as well when drunk or asleep, as when sober and wide awake. Jamie's haunt was Luckie Middlemass's, in the Cowgate, where he had a room, with a chair by the fire in winter and one by the window in summer, between which were his only migrations. He was often sent for by his master at late hours, when far gone; and, with a sad heart, had to leave his jovial companions and snug parlour, in order to sit down at the dry desk and write some endless law-paper, which would keep him at work the whole night. On one of these dreary occa-

sions, when apparently both blind and insensible, he was planted down at a table in his master's bed-room, and found himself obliged to write a very long paper, which required to be sent to press early next morning. The advocate being in bad health, lay in bed, with the curtain drawn, and though his clerk seemed worse than usual, did not entertain the slightest doubt or apprehension as to his capability of performing the duties of an amanuensis, which he had so often done both faithfully and well, when in a similar condition. Jamie of course was perfectly confident in his own powers, and proceeded to work in the usual way, by folding in the usual marginal allowance of foolscap, &c; after which the bed-fast advocate opened up his flow of dictation, implicitly trusting that not one of his precious words was suffered to fall to the ground by his infallible dependant. He continued to sentence forth his long-winded paragraphs for several hours, and, when done, drew aside the curtain in order to rise—when how was he thunderstruck, on observing that his clerk—for once faithless—was sleeping—alas, too profoundly sleeping!—in his chair,—with the paper before him, unconscious

of ink, and the whole business just as it was when he began his diction !

The following sketch of a last-century tavern will probably amuse those who now haunt the Bars, Coffee-rooms, and Club-rooms of modern Edinburgh.

Daniel Douglas's Tavern was situated in the Anchor Close, near the Cross. The house of which it composed one flat, is extremely ancient, and was probably built for some religious purpose, as over the door, which is the second on the left hand as you go down the Close, there is the following inscription.—"O LORD, IN THE IS AL MY TRAIST." Daunie's Tavern has been shut up for a great many years, like a plague-cellar, for what reason we know not, and the door, and long, tall, religious-looking windows are now quite overgrown with dust. Of course, it is at present impossible to get admission into the *very scene* of the orgies of the Pleydells and Fairfords, the Hays and the Erskines, of the last century ; but if any of our readers should be inclined to undertake a pilgrimage through the curious places of the Old Town, his enthusiasm can in this case

be gratified by the sight of at least the outside of a long line of windows, indicating a gallery within, along which those votaries of bacchanalian glory formerly passed to their devotions.

During the period when it flourished, *Douglas's* was one of the most noted and respectable taverns in Edinburgh. It could only be reckoned inferior to the *Star and Garter*, in Writer's Court, which was kept by Clerihugh, (now Macewen's,) and which was the chief resort of the then magistrates of Edinburgh, (who had all their regular parties there,) as well as of Dr Webster, Lord Gardenstone, David Hume, John Home, and James Boswell. The entrance into Douglas's was by a low, narrow passage, and up a few steps—in every respect resembling the description of Pleydell's *Saturday-night house* in Guy Mannering. The guests before getting to any of the rooms, had to traverse the kitchen—a dark, fiery Pandemonium, through which numerous ineffable ministers of flame were constantly flying about, like the devils in a sketch of the valley of the Shadow of Death, in the Pilgrim's Progress. Close by the door of the kitchen, sat

Mrs Douglas, a woman of immense bulk, dressed out in the most splendid style, with a head-dress of stupendous grandeur, and a coloured silk-gown, having daisies flowered upon it like sun-flowers, and tulips as big as cabbages. She never rose from her seat, upon the entry of guests, either because she was unable from fatness, or that, by sitting, she might preserve the greater dignity. She only bowed to them as they passed, and there were numerous waiters and slip-shod damsels, ready to obey her directions as to the rooms in which they should be disposed; and when they went out, another graceful bend of the head acknowledged her sense of gratitude to them as her customers.

*Daunie* himself (for so he was always called) was a perfect contrast to his wife—being limber, nimble, and insignificant. He was precisely Shakspeare's *Francis*, with only a few more words, but fully as passive and inane. The genius and tongue of his wife had evidently been too much for him; for she kept him in the most perfect subjection, and he acted only as a sort of head-waiter under her. He spoke very seldom—

only when he was obliged to do so by a question, and he seemed to have no ideas further than what were required to make a monosyllabic answer. Quietness—humble, peaceful, noteless quietness, was the passion of the man. He did every thing quietly; walked quietly, spoke quietly, looked quietly, and even thought quietly. He lived under his breath. So completely was he imbued with the spirit of quietness, or such was the effect of his quiet habits, that he acquired a trick of interjecting the word "quietly," whenever he opened his mouth, or adding it to the ends of all his little quiet sentences, without regard to the construction of the said sentences or the turn which it sometimes gave to their sense. Nor could he restrain himself from uttering it, even when speaking of things which had no relation whatever to quietness. A gentleman one day, on entering the house, and being attended by Daunie, asked him in a trivial way, if there were any news to day, "No—sir,—" lisped the weakling,—"though—I—believe—the—Castle—has—been—firing—the—day,—*quietly*." On another occa-

sion, being met in the street, along which he glided like a ghost, he was asked how Mrs Douglas was to-day, " Ou,—sir,—she's—aye—flytin—away—yonder,—*quietly.*"

Daniel's house was remarkable above all other things, for its cheap and comfortable suppers. Vast numbers of people, of every rank and profession, not excepting noblemen and judges, used to frequent it on this account. Tripe, minced collops, *rizzared* haddocks, and *hachies*, were the general fare; and, what will surprise modern hosts as well as modern guests, sixpence a-head was the humble charge for all these plenteous purveyances! Yet, such were the effects of Daniel's good management, that he got exceedingly rich upon these charges, and left Mrs Douglas, when he died, in very good circumstances.

The convivialities of the time appear to have often assumed the shape of supper-parties. Undisguised, *even-down drinking* was not the habit of all. There was a considerable minority of respectable persons, who wished to have some excuse for their potations, and this was afforded by their professing to meet at supper. Never-

theless, perhaps, while they seemed to gather together, as by chance, in Mrs Douglas's, for the mere sake of the *crumb o' tripe*, or the *twa-three peas*, or the *bit lug o' haddo'* (for such were the phrases), social mirth was in true verity their only object. Nor was the supper without its use; for though some partook of it only as an incentive to subsequent potations, it generally acted as a sort of ballast in steadying their over-crowded top-sails through the tempests of the night.

The rooms in Douglas's Tavern were all in a string, the kitchen being placed in the first rank, like a fugle-man, and serving to remind the guests, at their entry, of certain treats and indulgences, which their stomachs would not otherwise have *thought of*. Beyond this, there was a passage or gallery, from which the rooms were entered, as well as lighted, and at the end of which was a large room, lighted from both sides. The latter was the scene of many a game, (similar to that of High Jinks described in Guy Mannering,) played on Saturday-nights by a club of venerable com-potators, who had met regularly for the better part of a century, and grown, not gray, but red, in each other's company.

JOHNNIE DOWIE'S TAVERN in Libberton's Wynd, well-known as the resort of Burns, and which still exists under modified circumstances, also deserves some notice. It was formerly as dark and plain an old-fashioned house, as any drunken lawyer of the last century could have wished to nestle in; but it is now (hinc illæ lachrymæ!) painted and lighted with gas, while the room in which Burns sat with the "Willie" and "Allan" of his inimitable bacchanalian lyric, and where he scribbled verses upon the walls, has been covered over with elegant green cloth and fitted up with a new table. Nevertheless, it is still sufficiently interesting to deserve a visit. It was one of the most popular taverns of its day, and, as we have heard, much resorted to by the Lords of Session, after leaving the Court, for *meridians*, as well as in the evening, for its admirable Edinburgh ale. The ale was *Younger's*. That brewer, together with John Gray, City-Clerk of Edinburgh—Mr John Buchan, W. S.—Martin, the celebrated portrait-painter and the master of Sir Henry Raeburn—and some others, instituted a club here, which, by way of a pun upon the name of the landlord, they called the

*College of Doway:* Mr Younger's ale alone was always sold in the house; as it also was at *Maut Ha'*, a snug old tavern, kept by one Pringle, in the Playhouse Close, Canongate; and it was owing to the celebrity which it acquired in these two establishments, that "Edinburgh Ale" attained its present high character. *Johnnie Dowie* was the sleekest and kindest of landlords. Nothing could equal the benignity of his smile, when he brought in a bottle of *the ale*, to a company of well-known and friendly customers; and it was a perfect treat to see his formality in drawing the cork, his precision in filling the glasses, his regularity in drinking the healths of all present in the first glass (which he always did and at every successive bottle,) and then his *douce* civility in withdrawing.

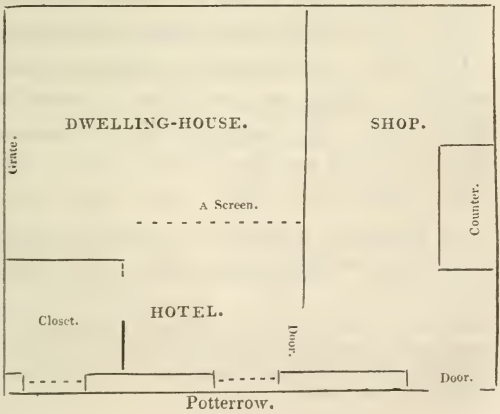
*Johnnie* lived till within the last few years, and with laudable attachment to the old costume, always wore a cocked hat and buckles at knees and shoes, as well as a cane with a cross top, somewhat like an implement called by Scotish gardeners *a dibble*.

Other remarkable old taverns were Miles Macphail's (who was nicknamed *Lord North*,

on account of his personal resemblance to that celebrated minister)—LUCKIE JAUP'S, in Bailie Fyfe's Close—METCALF'S, opposite the Old Tolbooth, in the Lawn-market— TAK' A PINT AND GREE, near the Parliament House—BALCHILD'S KING'S ARMS TAVERN, on the spot now occupied by the Commercial Bank—and MRS FLOCKHART'S in the Potterrow, already mentioned. Of the latter, some more particular notice may be interesting, as the landlady seems to have been the *Mrs Flockhart* of Waverley.

Mrs Flockhart, or, as she was more ordinarily called, "*Luckie Fykie*," was a neat, little, thin woman, usually habited in a plain, striped blue gown, and apron of the same stuff, with a white *mutch*, having a black ribbon round the head, and lappets brought down along the cheeks and tied under the chin. She was well to do in the world; as the umquhile John Flucker or Flockhart had left her a good deal of money, together with his whole stock in trade, consisting in a multifarious variety of articles, such as ropes, tea, sugar, *whip-shafts*, porter, ale, beer, butter, sand, *caum-stane*, herrings, nails, cotton-wicks, papers, pens, ink, wafers, thread, needles, tapes, potatoes,

rubbers, *gundy*, onions, *spunks*, coloured eggs in their seasons, &c. &c.—constituting what was then called a *merchant* and now a small grocer. Mrs Flockhart sat, moreover, in a *front-loft* in Mr Pattieson's ghostly chapel in Bristo Street, and was well-looked-upon by all her neighbours, on account of the quality of her visitors. Her premises were situated directly opposite to Robb's (now Chalmers') Entry; and within a space about fifteen feet square, she had a shop, dwelling-house, and hotel, agreeably to the following diagram:



We are led to suppose that her traffic in the shop was only a kind of cloak to her more secret sources of profit *butt the house.* Her customers were very numerous and respectable, including Mr Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, —Lord Stonefield,—Lord Braxfield,—Sheriff Cockburn,—Mr Scott, father of Sir Walter, —Mr Donald Smith, Banker,—and Dr Cullen. The use and wont of these gentlemen, on entering the shop, and finding Mrs Flockhart engaged with customers, was, to salute her with "Hoo do ye doo, mem?" and a *coup de chapeau*, and then walk *ben* to the room, where, upon the *bunker-seat* of the window, they found three bottles, severally containing brandy, rum, and whisky, flanked by gingerbread* and biscuits. They seldom sat down, but after partaking of what bottle they chose, walked quickly off. Upon certain occasions, there was provided more solid fare than these simple refreshments—such as a chop-steak

* Either in thin crisp square cakes, called *Parliament*—in round pieces, denominated *Snaps*—or in thick soft cakes, chequered on the surface, and, according to its colour, called *White* or *Brown Quality*.

stew, prepared by Mrs Flockhart's own skilful hands. This entertainment, termed a "*soss*," was always laid out on the bunker-seat in the closet, which was covered with a clean napkin, there being room besides only for a chair.*

In addition to these notices of taverns, the following notices of the last-century INNS may be acceptable, as forming part of the same subject.

Tradition points out as the oldest inn of which the premises still exist, an ancient and curious house, or court of houses, near the bottom of the Canongate, called the White Horse Close. This *place* is situated on the north side of the Canongate, adjacent to the Water Gate; and it is further remarkable, that the old white-washed house, beneath which an arch-way gives entry to the court, is said to have been the residence of the

* After the death of her first husband, Mrs Flockhart, despairing of another, sunk her stock (£ 800) in the hands of a banker, who allowed her a certain annuity. But she afterwards *did* procure another husband—namely, a Highland pedlar, who, finding his hands much cramped by the annuity affair, proceeded to dilapidate her stock in trade, and was at length caught stealing (ominous article!) a coil of ropes. The old lady's banker, who was also her relation, then ordered the hotel to be shut up; and she died afterwards in Middleton's Entry, while enjoying the said annuity.

last Bishop of Edinburgh.* The houses on the east side of the court have much the appearance of stables, and the lower flat of the north side, (accessible from the Back of the Canongate behind,) seems also to have been used in this capacity. The principal building, on the north side, which is much taller as seen from the Calton Hill than it is in front, exhibits a very singular style of architecture, and it is said to bear resemblance to the hostels in the villages of Flanders, a country with which Scotland was familiarly acquainted in former times, and of which we have imitated many of the manners and customs.

* The last Bishop (Paterson) was popularly called "Bishop Bandstrings," on the following ludicrous account. He had a mistress, whom he so much admired, that he said he could think of her charms, even while engaged in the most solemn duties of his profession; and this he told her he would prove by kissing his band-strings in the middle of his sermon at church. He did so, and the thing taking wind, the above epithet was applied to him in ridicule by the hill-party, who would no doubt be glad to get so good a *hair in his neck*.

It is mentioned in a work entitled an "Answer to Scotch Prebyterian Eloquence Displayed," that so dissolute and drunken a person was the Curate of the *Auld Kirk* of St Giles's, that there was not a browster-wife in the Cowgate, who would trust him a pint of small ale!

A date is half-discernible on the front—1605; and it is probable that the *White Horse* was the ancient title of the house. Other traditions affirm, that it acquired its name on account of having accommodated a celebrated and beautiful white palfrey belonging to Queen Mary, at the time when it was used as the Royal Meuse.* It has ceased to be occupied as an inn, beyond the memory of man.

Another extinct inn is RAMSAY'S, at the bottom of St Mary's Wynd on the east side, and directly opposite to the *quondam* Cowgate Port. This house which is now converted into shops and ware-houses, does not appear to have ever boasted of great accommodations; and it might supply a good subject for speculation, to contrast its humble appearance with the splendid establishments of the Gibbs, the Omans, the Rosses, and M'Leans of the present day. We have already

* Queen Mary's Wine-cellars are pointed out by tradition as having been in the lower flat of that very ancient house opposite the Canongate Tolbooth. Her bath is pointed out in a small curious-looking house of two stories, situated at the north-west corner of the north garden of the Abbey, a little way eastward from the Water-gate, on the road to the Abbey Hill.

mentioned General Paoli as its guest in 1775. But at even a later period, an aged informant remembers having one day seen (and that as a matter of course,) the then Duke of Hamilton, walking backwards and forwards on the pavement in front of the house, apparently lounging away the time before dinner, and taking observations of the fashionable people who at that time frequented this wretched part of the town. How different the scene of his Grace's lounge, from the elegant vicinity of the present Royal and British Hotels!*

* Another informant once conversed with a venerable gentleman, who remembered having attended the Canongate Theatre, one night, in the year 1758, when the Duke of Hamilton was in the house. After the performance, his Grace walked leisurely up the Canongate, the said person following him at a little distance, till he came to the mouth of the entry leading into Chessel's Court. There the Duke was attacked by two gentlemen, with drawn swords, quite in the style of a sixteenth-century "*tulzie*." He drew his own sword, to defend himself, but of course fought under considerable disadvantages, and would soon have been overpowered, had there not come up another gentleman, who, recognizing his person, and crying that he would stand by the Duke of Hamilton *richt or wrang*, drew his sword, and, siding with his Grace, put the parties on an equality in point of numbers. The combat then raged for a few minutes, and, while the swords clashed and glanced beneath the light of the oil lamps, the crowd made room on all hands for fair play, apparently enjoying the perilous scene with as much zest as a modern

The Black Bull Inn, at the bottom of the Pleasance, and near the above, we have, seen mentioned in newspapers as an inn, so far back as the time of the Porteous Mob;—and here so late as within the last twenty years, the Earl of Morton always left his carriage and horses when he came to town.

The White Horse Inn, in a close near the head of the Canongate is an exceedingly interesting old house of entertainment. The late King is said to have lodged in it, when he came to town *incognito*, along with his preceptor, the Earl of Bute (being on a visit to that nobleman at Rothesay,) in the year 1758.—*See Memoirs of George III., and his Court, 2 vols 8vo.* The illustrious Johnson also honoured it with his presence, on his arrival in Edinburgh, August 1773; and the very spot which his arm-chair

crowd would feel in case of a mere harmless affair of knuckles, destined to terminate in the Police-office. After the Duke and the rest had fought a good while, a detachment of the *Claucht (id fuit*, the Town-guard,) came hurrying down the street, and put a stop to the battle, by taking the combatants into custody. This was the last contention with swords that ever occurred upon the High Street of Edinburgh, which has in its time been dyed with the blood of many a gallant Scotish gentleman.

occupied, is pointed out by the modern possessors. It was, moreover, the lodging-place of Digges, Foote, and other men of note; and was also remarkable for the number of runaway couples from England, who were married in its large room.

The WHITE HART, in the centre of the Grass-market, (north side,) was a very popular inn in former times, and the chief resort of the visitors of Edinburgh from the west, and of the farmers in general. It was also remarkable for the number of *half-merk marriages* which took place in it.*

* The celebrated Claudero was for a long time the only person who officiated as clergyman at these ceremonies; and this was not the least lucrative profession of that singular genius. Upon one occasion, a man from the country called upon him to get a cast of his office, when Claudero happened to be already engaged in marrying a private soldier. The countryman did not know the fee, (for the *half-merk* originally given had long ceased to be the ordinary douceur;) but, seeing the soldier give a shilling, thought that he did not amiss by proffering the same. "Na, na," said the officer of Hymen, "that winna do! I maun ha'e five shillings frae *you*."—"But did not you get just a shilling frae the sodger e'enow?"—"Yes, yes," said Claudero, "but, then, he's a gude customer. I'll no likely ever see your face again—but I'll hae *him* here at least ance a-week a' the time he's in Edinburgh!"

*** The "TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH,"—which were at first published in small portions, on account of the impossibility of otherwise collecting the materials,—having now extended to as many *brochures* as fill two volumes, it has been judged adviseable to conclude the work. The subject is not yet nearly exhausted; volumes might still be added to volumes, each surpassing its predecessor in interest; and for these I even now possess almost sufficient materials: but the publisher has in this case overruled the author, by deciding that the further prosecution of the work, would prove injurious to the continuing popularity of what has already appeared.

In thus parting with a work which has engrossed the leisure of so many years, which has brought my name in a favourable manner before the eyes of my fellow-citizens, and procured for me the friendship of many individuals whose notice implies praise, I cannot help acknowledging that I owe all this happiness rather to the accidental excellence of my subject than to any personally flattering cause. In projecting the "TRADITIONS,"

I had no other aim than to present to the public a faithful record of the curiosities of Edinburgh, and the eccentricities of its people, during the last-century; and in the performance of this task, having always had greater recourse to oral intelligence than to the less homely information of books, it only lay with me to clothe the same in the simplest and most appropriate language, and to leave all the rest to the popular appreciation of my subject. I have never aimed at amplification, nor laboured to produce effect by sacrificing truth to fiction; as may be observed by every reader of the work, in which many curious circumstances are compressed into foot-notes, which, in the hands of the poet and the novelist, might be expanded into volumes. To all my informants, and to those who have facilitated my intercourse with written and printed documents, I beg to return my warmest thanks.

R. C.

India Place; *Sep.* 20, 1825.

*Page* 13, *for* succeeding lady of Lovat *read* late &c.

*Page* 17, The paragraph respecting homespun linen, however well it might apply to the most part of the Scotish housewives of the last century, is unjust to lady Lovat, in so far as "laying by linen to rot" is concerned, for her ladyship never hoarded any, but gave it all away in presents to her friends.

*Page* 22, The general character of Jacobitism is here no less inapplicable to Lady Lovat, as she could not bear the very name of the Pretender.

*** In characterizing the Old Town Fifth-Flat Ladies of Quality, we have omitted their great skill as doctresses among their plebeian neighbours. Many a citizen's wife preferred their attendance to that of a physician, and sometimes, though the Doctor's prescriptions might be treated with respect while he was present, they were thrown aside for the more familiar recipes of *the leddy*, as soon as his back was turned; so that when he next visited the house, with his powdered hair, black silk bag, scarlet cloak, and sword, he was often surprised to find

his patient in a very different condition from what he expected. Their skill was most frequently exerted in the diseases of children; and many an aged reader must remember with feelings of horror and disgust, how often, in his infancy, he was physicked to a shadow by their nauseous and inexorable cathartics.

*Page* 29, *In note, for* fellows *read* men.

—— 51, It must here be remarked, that the Edinburgh Assemblies were not *directly* removed from the Old Assembly Close to George Street, but were held, for some time intermediate, in a house which stood upon the spot at present occupied by the Commercial Bank, in an alley eastward of the *Old* Assembly Close.

*Page* 54, *Add*—The Estate of Glensaddel was sold by John Campbell, Esq., in 1771.

*Page* 40, *In stanza* 8, " Bob Murray " was Sir Robert Murray of Clermont, Bart.

*Page* 47, The estate of Lochorr was twice sold before it came into the possession of Mr Jobson.

*Page* 47, *Alter note to*,

There is a song respecting this person, beginning:

" Keep ye weel frae Sir Michael Malcolm,
" Igo and ago,
" If he's a wise man I mistake him,
" Iram coram dago."
&c. &c. &c.

Page 48, The Misses Gedd did not keep what is called a *boarding-school*, but rather accommodated with mere food and lodging a few young ladies, who went out to schools.

Page 48, *At the end of first note*, The Princess Duskoff's black star, which we had from very good authority, is doubted by other venerable informants; but we beg all who impugn its authenticity to remember that as stars have sometimes appeared in the heavens " for that night only," as players speak, or for some short time, and then peaceably receded into their native obscurity, so may the Princess's star have been seen on some particular day, when she happened to wear a robe which was not her customary dress.—*For* Duskoff *read* Daskoff.

*Page* 50, *Alter* " I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling," *to* " I've heard the lilting at our ewes milking." N. B. It is only said that Miss Jeanie Elliot wrote some of the verses of this (supposed) ancient version.

51, It is worth mentioning, that it was in no small degree owing to the talents and exertions of this wonderful woman, that Edinburgh owed the institution of the Royal Infirmary; she having made vast collections towards its foundation, at her preachings in England, and mainly encouraged her brother the Provost, to proceed with his arduous undertaking.

*Page* 63, *Second line from bottom*, *for* an *read* the

*Page* 68, *In note*, Sir Alexander Keith was not born in the house alluded to, at the head of the College Wynd, but in a contiguous self-contained house of two flats, belonging to Mr Walter Scott, W. S. father of the present Sir Walter, who was also born in it, on the 15th of August, 1771. Mr Scott, on emigrating to George's Square, let the house first to Mr Dundas of Philipston, and afterwards to Mr William Keith, father of Sir Alexander. It was purchased by the public, together with Mr Keith's own house below, to make way for the New College.

*Page* 79, *for* front of the Royal Exchange *read* in the Netherbow.

Page 105, *for* "The Sow's tail to Geordie," *read* "When I have a saxpence under my thoom."

Page 140, *Second line from bottom, for* Canongate *read* Cowgate.

Page 155, *Add to Article* "Bowed Joseph"—This singular worthy is said to have been a great Jacobite, and to have testified the *honesty* of his political sentiments by keeping a *stand* or *tent*, at Holyroodhouse, for the sale of meat and drink to the Highlanders, during their stay in Edinburgh. In consequence of this imprudent conduct, he was apprehended by the public authorities, and only liberated from durance vile at the earnest intercession of a powerful Jacobite gentleman, old Mr Nisbet of Dirleton.

Page 164, *top line*, *read* Having lost it so nigh, &c.

Page 172, line 7, *read* exclusion of his eldest daughter. Some &c.

Page 179, for Andrew, *read* John Maclure.

—— 186, 8th *line from bottom*, *for* charge, *read* outrage.

Page 197, *dele sentence beginning*, In the immediate neighbourhood.

Page 200, line 11, *for* these *read* those.

—— 216, In reference to the Parliament Close, it ought to be mentioned that Ramsay makes it the scene of one of his cleverest poems —the Morning Interview.

Page 223, In correction of what is said respecting the decoration with flowers of the King's Statue, *dele* the latter clause of the paragraph.

Page 224, Johnnie Wilkes, the celebrated demagogue, was the person generally represented by the said effigies—at least in latter times.

Page 276, *line* 3, *for* Sismondi, *read* Simond.

—— 283, *line* 9, *dele* (now Macewan's).

THE END.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by William Chambers.

COLUMBIA SITY LIBRA
This book is ated belo
tte of

941.2Ed4

C355
2

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
13909371
*0113909371*
BUTLER STACKS